The Black Rebellion in Haiti

By

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Edited by CHARLES PLATT

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The Experience of One who was Present during Four Years of Tumult and Massacre

By

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Foreword

THE following sketch was written in 1804, by my grandfather, a former planter of St. Domingo and one of the few survivors of the Haitian massacres. The original, prepared at the request of the French minister to the United States, was in the French language, but, in 1837, its author made a translation and added certain comments. A copy of this, printed in New York in 1840, is now in the Library of Congress at Washington. It is from this second document that the following is taken—the whole, however, being shortened to about half.

The history of Haiti has not the simplicity of the current texts—the horrid oppression by the French and the righteous uprising of the abused blacks—instead, we find a complicated relation of British agents and French royalists operating in a field prepared for disorder by the ignorance and incompetence of the French revolutionary representatives. The primitive ferocity of a simple people was skilfully and fearfully aroused for political ends—a reckless philanthropy assisting.

In preparing for this printing, where the original has been followed verbatim, quotation

marks are used, and where there has been paraphrasing and condensation, these marks are omitted, but even in the latter case, so far as is possible, the author's words and style have been retained. Parentheses include original material; brackets are used for all interpolated editorial comment.

Attention is called to the title. It may be noted that the name Haiti, the original Indian name of the island, was not adopted until after the main events of this narrative. The colony was at that time known as St. Domingo, this name covering both the east and the west.

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The Black Rebellion in Haiti

FROM its beginnings, the French colony on the island of St. Domingo had enjoyed peace and prosperity. In 1786, the exports to France amounted to 176,003,000 livres, and the trade balance, in favor of the colony, stood at 65,240,000 livres. For the years 1787, 1788, and 1789, the average exports were 207,495,000 livres, and the favorable balance of trade, 119,947,000 livres. And these were the figures for France alone—there was, in addition, a considerable commerce with the United States and "a very considerable contraband trade" with the British island of Jamaica. There was a general peace. The *Code Noir* of 1685, with its many articles, was everywhere enforced and oppression of the slaves was practically impossible. The large and rich plantations were wisely administered, and the slaves were secure in their health and contentment.

Then came the French Revolution. The National Assembly of 1789 excluded the colonies

"from the general assumption of rights," and provided for their government by "distinct enactments" of the executive power, Louis XVI. At once, Minister Calonne, acting for the King, determined upon a *coup de politique,* a colonial diversion, a threatening of the overseas possessions of France, with the hope of lessening the tension at home. The famous Galbaud and a colored man named Ogier, the latter one of the many wealthy colored men then living in France, were sent out to St. Domingo to act as trouble makers. "Cape François [now Cape Haitien], "the Paris of the New World," they found an easy field for their endeavors. Political disagreement, a reflection of the confusion in France, was already bitter, and the King's agents found no difficulty in increasing it. The explosion was terrible; a part of the city of Cape François was destroyed, and a form of civil war was successfully inaugurated. England was at once interested. Louis, in his efforts to stay the revolution in France, had already established close relations with the government of Great Britain, and now, in 1790, we find Galbaud in London, in conference with Pitt. The immediate outcome of this conference was money to further the colonial unrest, but in February, 1793, Monsieur [later, Louis XVIII], brother to the

King, out of gratitude to England for the refuge it afforded him, signed a secret treaty "stipulating to employ his influence to cause to be delivered to the British all the *outre-mer* possessions of France." Galbaud, as agent for both the contracting parties, returned to St. Domingo.

So far, the situation was political only, an echo of the European struggle, but now enters in a new and more terrible influence. The Abolition Society of England, better known as the Wilberforce Society, being "secretly encouraged by Pitt," takes a hand. "From the moment that this association began its labors, the motives of discontent assumed a new character; for the negro slaves had until then been, as it were, passive witnesses, or had acted only as machines moving at the command of the several white and colored factions." But the Wilberforce Society now undertook "to destroy the old patriarchal relations between planter and slave" and to cause the latter to revolt. The negroes were appealed to on a primitive basis, a simple operation in view of the already existing confusion, and this appeal, at least in the North, had an immediate success—the planters were compelled to abandon the outlying estates, and many of them were forced to take refuge in the United States.

Galbaud now called a "Colonial Assembly."

It was proposed that a "temporary declaration of independence from France should be declared —at least until a general peace shall take place— and to put the colony under the protection of the British government. This proposition was debated and disapproved—the members from Port-au-Prince and Aux Cayes protested—and the assembly was dissolved in tumult." Galbaud and his confederates swore revenge. The sugar plantations in the plain of the Cul de Sac were set on fire and ships of war were sent to attack the two obstructing cities. But the revenge was a failure. The British party was everywhere defeated, and Galbaud returned to England for instructions.

The scene moves to Paris and to the National Convention, where there was still a perfect ignorance of the real conditions in the colony. On February 3, 1794 (15 Pluviose, An II), the Citoyen Camboulas "proclaims in this assembly the consecration of the great principles of liberty and equality that had been withheld from the inhabitants of the French colonies by the constitution of 1789, by the arrival, to sit amongst them as representatives from St. Domingo, of a black man, a yellow man, and a white one. These three deputies were then introduced and received with loud acclamation" and, finally, upon

motion, were given the fraternal kiss by the president. The white man now addresses the Convention. He, Dufray, "unknown in the colony except for his crimes . . . declares that he is the son and grandson of parents *noblement roturiers* (nobly plebeian, *i. e.,* owning no property) and that the blacks and mulattoes are the only true *sans culottes* (patriots) in the colony. They had, he added, fought against the British faction and they now came to claim their reward."

On the next day, the Convention decreed the abolition of slavery in all the colonies and possessions of France—a decree, however, which was later somewhat modified. Laws were now enacted for the control of the "black agriculturist citizens" and two men, Polveral and Santonax, were sent out to enforce them. This they found themselves unable to do. The negroes, freed from all obligation, and encouraged by the English, gave themselves over to the wildest debauchery, and the two French agents soon "thought themselves fortunate to escape from the death embraces of their regenerated black fellow-citizens."

"In vain did the government of France send generals and commissions (troops they could not send on account of the war with England) to

dive into the secret policy and state of the colony and to find out the spring by which the governing officers were directed and moved. They saw the motions of the machine, made suppositions, guessed at something, found themselves bewildered, vexed, humbled; and finally thought themselves happy to be permitted to return to France." That the French officers in command of the colony were monarchists and were acting for the King under English direction does not seem to have been suspected.

Toussaint l'Ouverture now appears. This black man, a former slave—his master now residing in England and a devoted adherent of Monsieur—finds himself appointed by Louis and Pitt as General-in-Chief of the colony. And so well was this plan concerted and so secret its origin, that Toussaint, proving successful as a leader, the French government itself agrees to his elevation, merely providing as a check on his actions that his command shall be limited to the North and that in the South there shall be in command another of equal rank. This other selected was a colored man named Rigaud, a man of education, military talent and great energy of character.

With the putting into effect of this new arrangement, General Boyer, the English com-

mander in the South, promptly advises his government to discontinue all further pretence, and to proceed at once openly to subdue the whole colony—"this being," he said, "by far more valuable to British commerce and manufacture than the whole of His Majesty's possessions in the West Indies."

England responded with troops and money. Toussaint lay quiescent; Rigaud fought bravely. And then, just as the English were at the point of success their troops were withdrawn—Bonaparte's victories in Europe were becoming alarming. At once Toussaint sprang into activity. Rigaud was vigorously attacked, defeated, and driven from the land, and Toussaint, now supreme, taught by the agents who had been left to advise him, proclaimed himself a French patriot and proceeded to reorganize the colony. "What patriotic dispatches he sent to the French government! He had, he said, annihilated rebellion and destroyed the very leaven of British influence."*

*Among the agents left to guide Toussaint were—M. Débécourt, as legal adviser and brigadier-adjutant, a French nobleman acting for Monsieur; a M. St. Jeames, from the army of the Prince of Condé, acting as commander of the body guard; and a General White, a superior officer of the British army. It may be added that neither M. Débécourt nor General White was in full sympathy with the part they were playing, General White especially deploring the shameful connections his government had formed with the black barbarians.

There were four departments—the Eastern, with Santo Domingo as capital, consisting of those lands which had passed from the Spanish to the French with the Treaty of the Pyrenees; the Northern, with Cape François as capital; the South-western, with Aux Cayes; and the Central, with Port-au-Prince, the seat of government. In each of these departments was placed a black general of division as commander. The sub-departments were placed under black colonels, and the cantons and *embarcadères* under other black officers of lesser rank. No white or colored men were to hold office except as proved necessary to aid the illiterate black masters, and such as were so appointed were to be accompanied always by black companions who should act as spies on their movements.

Revenue was planned for by heavy duties on both imports and exports, and by the confiscation of all estates belonging to absentee proprietors—these, in the North, amounting to four-fifths of the whole. One-fourth of the produce was to go to the workers, and three-fourths to the government. Naturally, the expected return was not forthcoming, trade and production fell to a minimum; and Toussaint, with the hope of improving matters, now appointed General Des-

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salines, the black governor of Port-au-Prince, as Inspector-General of Estates. This Dessalines, in command of a body of men known as the agricultural *maréchaussée,* was to proceed continuously from estate to estate and by "severe bodily chastisement" persuade the black free citizens to labor more vigorously.

"An extraordinary exhibition was given in Port-au-Prince of the effective measures taken to put this ordinance into execution. In April, 1801, all the inhabitants of the city, white, colored and black, were ordered to repair to the large square place in front of the old government palace . . . The inspection started at 8 A. M. and was not gone through before 6 P. M. . . . Dessalines, accompanied by 24 vigorous blacks armed with lemon canes, addressed everyone. To such as a chastisement had devolved from their answers, he gave a blow with his club, and the victims thus marked were taken from the ranks and passed under the heavy hands of the attending satellites." Some were beaten almost to death. "At half-past two o'clock, I left the square in company with and under the protection of the British General White. After we were out of the limits, I could not help exclaiming, 'Vive la liberté, l'egalité!' The General laughingly repeated, 'Oui, ma foi! Long live

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Liberty and Equality! Their beauties have just been well displayed!' "

* * *

But to go back. "At this epoch, and whilst regarding the several revolutions that had taken place in the devoted island, I had been waiting for two years in Charleston, South Carolina, for a tolerable return of peace. My friends, more uneasy about my personal safety than I was myself, thought it proper to have the documents of which I was to be the bearer so made as to perfectly identify my person and rights—in case my relations there were dead, and their property confiscated by Toussaint. There being, at this time, a semi-war between the United States and France, and there being no French consul, Mr. Bernabou, the consul for Spain, duly authenticated my papers, and these were then further attested and countersigned by the intendant of the city.

"Thinking myself now safe and provided against any untoward occurrences, I left Charleston on the 22nd of November, 1800, a passenger on board the *Snow William* belonging to the mercantile house of Mr. Booth. There was also on board another passenger, a Mr. McKinsey, a young Scotchman, well educated and a tolerably good musician. An enthusiastic ad-

mirer of Wilberforce's views, this gentleman was going, he stated, to reside among the inhabitants of the regenerated colony, both in the quality of a merchant, and as agent for the Wilberforce Society.

"We had a pleasant passage and a little before dusk on the 18th of December passed close to and in sight of the city of St. Marks. We continued on, favored by a fine moonlight, until two o'clock the next morning, when we cast anchor. At the dawn of day we found ourselves two miles distant from the city of Port-au-Prince. Without waiting for the pilot, the Captain, Mr. McKinsey and I got into a boat and made for the landing place in front of the custom house, but we were prevented from stepping on shore. A desultory conversation took place, we in the boat speaking English to the black officer who, however, did not understand. Finally, growing rather impatient, Mr. McKinsey desired me to address them in the French language. I did so, but immediately had cause to repent it, for my correct articulation at once aroused their suspicions. We landed and, as we were entering the custom house, Mr. D'Alban (a white man) arrived. After having heard an account of our casting anchor close to the port during the night, he declared, eyeing me from head to foot, that

he could not allow me to stay on shore until he knew more of my business in the island than he at present did. A strong guard was placed over me and I was forthwith sent back a prisoner on board the ship.

"The Captain returned, accompanied by a young gentleman, the consignee of the vessel. He was a Frenchman who had been brought up in Mr. Booth's counting house, and was then Mr. Booth's agent in Port-au-Prince. He stated to me that a rumor was spreading through the city that a French spy had been arrested on the wharf, just landing from an American vessel. This rumor, he said, had created great curiosity among the merchants, who, however, like himself, considered it a very idle and ridiculous report. They would, he said, have already paid me a visit, had they not been prevented from doing so.

"At 3 P. M., I saw approaching the vessel three officers with towering feathers over their military hats. They were soon on board. It was General Ages (a white man) with two colored aids-de-camp. The cabin being well provided with wines and the delicacies of the north, I entertained them with great courtesy; after which they interrogated me and took down in writing my declaration. They demanded my

passport and other papers, except my titles of property, and then left me, saying that I must remain on board the vessel until they had heard from General Toussaint l'Ouverture, who had gone with an army to take possession, in the name and authority of France, of the city of St. Domingo and its large territory.

"After the officers had left the ship, the guard on board was relieved, and a new one took its place. I was present and, as I did not hear my name mentioned nor see my person pointed out, it occurred to me that I could land in disguise. I had a supplementary head-dress, a black wig—my natural hair was a light auburn—and this I put on. The mate accommodated me (he being about my size) with his best roundabout and trousers, and I added a green neck handkerchief tied loosely. I could no longer be recognized for the neatly dressed suspected spy.

"At dark, I landed with the Captain and went as mate of the vessel to deliver my letters. I had the satisfaction to find now the warm reception and support I imagined I should receive from the gentlemen to whom they were addressed. It was half-past nine o'clock when I returned on board.

"For the next two days the cabin of the vessel was crowded with visitors, and finally they, unit-

ing with the gentlemen to whom I had been particularly recommended, obtained, though with great difficulty, a permission for me to land and to have the limits of the city for a prison until General Toussaint's return. After seven days' detention, then on shipboard, I went to very comfortable quarters on shore.

"Toussaint returned on or about the 5th of February. I presented him a petition stating the harsh treatment of my arrival, but he did not answer. I was advised to wait upon him. I did so, and met him, but he declined having any conversation on my affairs, pretending to be much engaged at that moment. He then appointed his own day and hour to receive me. I was punctual in my attendance to the very moment, but was told that he had forgotten his appointment and had gone into the country. New appointments were made and remade several times during a whole month, but never with any better success.

"Finally, a grand levee was given, and I repaired to it. The great hall of the palace was full of men and women . . . of all shades and colors. There was also a band of music . . . The sable monarch was expected to enter the hall in state, and a respectful silence was kept pending his arrival. The suspense con-

tinued until about eight o'clock, when his colored female waiter, who was also his head wife and chief cook, came in and announced that her master would receive the company in his large business room. Whilst the others were making ceremonies and low bows about who should have precedence, I hurried into his presence. He was then standing a few feet from his writing desk. I gave my name. He shook hands with me, and I at once began to direct his attention to my detention and affairs with him, but he interrupted me by saying that he had appointed this present evening to see his friends only and wished not to talk about individual affairs. He invited me to a seat and, being by this time close to his writing desk, I sat down at his right hand.

"A large circle soon formed without much formality. The conversation (there being present several members of his colonial assembly) turned upon the new law about to be enacted for the administration of the *Biens Vacauta,* and its chief articles were mentioned. Everyone present seemed to applaud these provisions, but as there appeared an opportunity for each to express his opinion, I rose and pointed out some of the principal defects of the law, saying in substance that this enactment wisely provided for the administration of the estates and properties of the ab-

sentee and deceased proprietors, but left in blank the accountability of the receiver . . . when suddenly Toussaint, staring right into my face, cried out: 'Qui vous ye? Qui vous ye?' (Who are you? Who are you?) I quickly answered that my visit was to make myself known to him and to learn, also, why he kept me a prisoner. Seeing all eyes fixed upon him, he calmed himself and said: 'Tomorrow I will hear you! Tomorrow, sir, I will hear you.' He was apparently agitated, supposing, no doubt, that I had found out his scheme of appropriating to himself the kingly revenues of the estates without being subjected to the rendering of an account of the same or to the making of any restitution.

"At this moment large packages of despatches were brought to him. I sat so near that I saw they were all written by the same hand, although he said they came from different parts of the Island. He begged leave to open them, which was granted by general acclamation from the whole assembly. He then, his body being half turned to the assembly, began to unloose the seals (which were so fresh that it did not give much trouble); and, while he was doing this and placing the one over the other without even looking at their superscriptions, he complained of his

want of leisure, of the hardships he was put to by the heavy duties laid upon him by the French government—that he had not, indeed, a single moment he could call his own. Upon this declaration, he was forced to desist piling up his letters by a flood of encomiums and adulations to which he listened with every indication of self-complacency. The old serpent which, it is said, deceived and seduced Mother Eve, could not have possessed in its nature more deception and knavish cunning than I read in this black man's countenance—and above all when he began to turn the conversation on religion. He at once assumed a hypocritical benignity, cast down his eyes, crossed himself several times, and for a few minutes appeared as if in a trance of beatification. When recovering from this enthusiastic fit, he got hold of a prayer book which lay upon his desk at his right hand and read in Latin a passage from it. Observing that I was smiling, he asked me if I spoke that language. I answered, 'A little.' 'You are very happy,' he replied, 'for although I do not understand it, I rather pray in Latin than in French. I always carry this book with me, and I find myself happy when I utter Dominus dominos vobiscom!' After this and other fooleries which could only escape from the lips of an idiot or an impostor, the assembly retired.

"On the next day, I was told that as Toussaint made such a pretension to religion, the best place for me to meet him would be in the church where he went every morning to hear mass. I repaired thither and saw him upon his knees, with his arms across his breast, by the side of the altar. After many genuflections he came out of the enclosure. I immediately made a salutation and began my discourse, when suddenly, cutting my words short, he exclaimed, 'Look! Look!' and then hurried to the portico. I turned my eyes to the place pointed out and saw a black man, who had just ascended the steps, now throwing himself at Toussaint's feet. I approached to the spot and heard the man, whose blood was flowing from a wound on his left shoulder, say that a mulatto had just cut him. 'A mulatto!' Toussaint exclaimed. 'A mulatto dare to treat a black man thus! And where is the monster?' The poor mulatto, who had come up to explain, was pointed out to him. Toussaint on viewing him flew into a raving passion and, refusing to hear a word in excuse from the miserable fellow, instantly ordered his guards to shoot him. The guards obeyed—got hold of him, led him about ten paces from the place we stood, and, throwing him down flat on the ground, put their muskets to his breast and fired. I quickly retired into the

church . . . for I no longer desired, on this day at least, to have any dealing with this pious black general. It was afterwards reported that he repented of this odious action, for he was later apprised that the black man was a criminal just escaped from the prisons, and that the mulatto was a police officer despatched to overtake him.

"On Wednesday before Easter, General Ages sent for me. He stated that he had been instructed to give me a safe pass through the gates . . . and that the General would be happy to receive me on the next day at his country residence, the former residence of Prince d'Amiens, about twelve miles from the city. I arrived at this place next day, *Jeudi Saint,* at 9 A. M. One of the aids-de-camp received me at the door and went upstairs to announce my name. He returned in a few minutes, saying that the General would give me an audience within one hour. That hour passed away—a second, a third, and a fourth did the same. At one o'clock, the dinner hour, all his officers came down, and Mr. Débécourt, his adjutant-general and secretary, told me that General Toussaint would see me in a few minutes—otherwise he would take me along to dine. (The officers took their meals at a house forty yards distant from the mansion.

Toussaint, on all occasions, took his meals alone.) After that I stood waiting a great while. Finally, Toussaint's female servant, a griffone, who alone dressed and cooked all he ate, and attended him everywhere, came down and expressed in warmest terms the interest she felt in me. She then pointed out a spot for me to stand, saying she would call the attention of the General towards me and beg of him not to detain me any longer. I thanked her . . . and repaired instantly to the place pointed out. I saw the General passing through the upper gallery, and the female servant directing with her finger his attention to my presence. On my saluting him he made a courteous motion with his head. I thought I would immediately be admitted—I was deceived.

"The officers returned from their dinner and were surprised at my prolonged disappointment. They promised again to remind the General of my presence. In fine, five o'clock came on, when the negroes and negresses of the plantation, about sixty in number, came to the front door and began to sing the Catholic canticles appropriate for this holy day. General Toussaint came down instantly. As he approached, I began to address him, but he replied, dryly: 'N'entendez vous pas que l'on chante des can-

tiques?' (Do you not hear that they are singing canticles?) And he joined in his voice with theirs.

"My feelings during the long mock-religious singing may be well imagined. All the officers attached to Mr. Débécourt, and he himself, passed by me in their return to the city, but he whispered in my ear that he would wait for me half an hour at the other house for me to go with him.

"At last the songs ended, and then, finally, I was led by an aid-de-camp to where Toussaint was standing. He, then, with an angry voice, said: 'Your papers, which were sent to me when I was at the city of Santo Domingo, have been mislaid or lost.* Will you state to me the cause of your detention?' I replied that I was ignorant of it and was anxious to be informed of the same by him and to be permitted to go about my business, as stated in my several petitions, or be allowed to return to the United States. He replied, in a passion, 'I shall grant neither!' On my then requesting him to at least release my securities from any damage on my account, he became much enraged and, tapping the right temple of his head with his fingers, he cried out

* This was false. Mr. Débécourt told me that on my arrival in the morning he himself had delivered them to him, and that he, Toussaint, had read them three times over.

with a spiteful voice: 'Bonaparte is very cunning, the French government has always been very cunning, and you, too, sir, are pretty cunning; but neither you nor the French government, nor Bonaparte with all his generals, shall ever be able to find out what is in this head (tapping it again), nor ever discover what I have resolved—no, never! Get yourself away from my presence! Away! Away!' I felt very angry at this outrageous behavior, my hands were clenched and I was near striking him, but I subdued my feelings and hurried away without making a reply. It was already dark.

"Fortunately, the Adjutant-General had patiently waited. My horse was ready, I mounted and we started for the city. We rode about two miles without uttering a word, when Mr. Débécourt ordered his guard, composed of twenty horsemen, called guides, to ride some distance before us. His reason for doing this, he told me, was to converse without being heard. He then asked, and I told him, all about my interview with Toussaint. He expressed his regrets for my untoward reception and said that he felt grieved to see his General so far forget himself as to show openly the hatred he had conceived against France—a hatred, he added, which he was careful to conceal from the world. After

many other similar observations on his indiscretion and passionate temper, he declared himself my protector, conscious as he was that I could not possibly be a French spy. He was sensible, he said, that Toussaint had been guilty of a malicious duplicity towards me and had exhibited throughout a deplorable want of feeling. 'Had I not stayed and waited for you,' he continued, 'you would, in all probability, never again have seen Port-au-Prince. He invited you to meet with him and detained you so late at night only to endanger your life. This is an odious snare. He meant to have caused something sinister to have befallen you, after which it would have been placed in the chapter of accidents produced by your imprudence.'

"Mr. Débécourt's implicit declaration showed me the great danger I had been fortunate enough to escape. Should this gentleman be still living, or any of his relations ever read this, let them receive this acknowledgment of my gratitude . . .

"It was about twenty days after these events that there was delivered to me Toussaint's order for an unconditional release, with leave to go whenever I pleased and where I pleased.

"I have thus dwelt long on my private case and difficulties with Toussaint l'Ouverture with a view as a historian to make his character, his

temper and duplicity better known . . . The sequel will fully prove the truth of what in his anger he gave me to understand at his last interview, namely, that he did not hold the Island for France . . . I shall add, without fear of being contradicted, that all the white men appointed to office, with the exception of a very few in the civil ranks, were either the declared enemies of France or the disreputable agents of Monsieur and the Wilberforce Society."

* * *

The explanation of all this suspicion and distrust lay in the fact that Toussaint l'Ouverture, playing his difficult double role, had many fears of the peace which now seemed impending between England and France. He felt that France relieved of the necessities at home would undoubtedly send troops and officials to the colony, and that England would probably withdraw its support of his administration. And so, measures were now taken to meet such a situation.

"Secret instructions were transmitted to the commandants along the sea coast to keep all the cannon and batteries in complete order. Besides this, the several commandants were imperatively ordered to apprise the blacks in the country and upon the mountains to repair with cords

and weapons, instantly upon the alarm guns being fired, to the quarters of their respective black chiefs. A day was appointed as an exercise day, to make an experiment and see how well the blacks would understand and obey these orders . . . For this purpose, forty white men living on the coffee plantations among the mountains that crown L'Artibonite and St. Marks were marked out for destruction; also, twelve white planters on the coffee plantations lying on the mountains north-west of Jacquemel [Jacmel], and seventeen on the coffee plantations of the Voldrogue, lying east of Grande Rivière, about twenty miles distant from the city of Jérémie . . .

"The appointed day arrived. The roaring of the cannon along the coast summoned the blacks to repair to their respective rendezvous. However, I can attest that hardly one out of ten of those living on the mountains among which my estates were situated took any notice of it. Those who went returned fatigued and ignorant of the cause of the firing, and were laughed at by their companions. Unfortunately it was not so everywhere.

"The officers of the government, according to previous orders, gave out as a reason for the general alarm the report of the assassination of

white people . . . and Toussaint, declaring his abhorrence of such atrocious deeds, now appointed as avenger of the laws, his grand executioner, General Dessalines, who passed through the several plantations of L'Artibonite and there put to death upwards of one hundred and seventy blacks. But instead of killing the murderers he only destroyed those negroes who had suffered or helped the white men to effect their escape. The same duplicity was practised at the two other points. At the Voldrogue, a Mr. Guademar had escaped, and they killed five blacks for it; whilst on the plantations where the whites had been massacred the murderers received a rebuke equal to a vote of thanks.

"We planters of the Grande Anse were not to be imposed upon by such demonstrations, nor by such bloody sacrifices. My ideas of Toussaint's intentions were clear and distinct. My detention at Port-au-Prince, the duplicity of his dealings with me, and above all the declaration he had made to me on the Prince d'Amiens' estate were all fresh in my memory. All these, with my surmises, had been secretly communicated to the more influential among the planters and merchants, and a combination was formed, the colored men and the free black men uniting with us."

At last the day dreaded by Toussaint arrived. A fleet appeared off Cape François and a French general of division, named d'Arbois, landed at Jérémie.* He was heartily welcomed by the inhabitants and the whole of the South-western Department was promptly delivered to him. Far otherwise was it in the Northern and Central Departments, where Toussaint's strength was greater.

"On a signal being given of the approach of the French fleet, and ere any *pour parler* had taken place, the alarm guns were fired, and the blacks, provided with cords and weapons, began to put into operation the plan of Toussaint." All the white men they could find on the exposed plantations were carried into the mountains and there massacred. And then, further, when the French fleets had effected their entrance into the ports of Cape François and Port-au-Prince, the black armies, in their flight, took with them all the white men they could lay hands on. "I know not precisely the number of those carried off from Cape François, where Moise, a black, commanded, but I do know that one hundred and forty merchants of Port-au-Prince, amongst

* [At Jérémie, a town which occupies a prominent place in this narrative, was born the father of Alexandre Dumas, Thomas Alexandre Dumas or Davy, the son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie and a Marie Cassette, a negress.]

whom were my best friends, were bound with cords, their hands tied behind, and driven with the point of the bayonet as far as the ultimate end of the plain of the Cul de Sac, and there all butchered . . .

"The French government had sent a fleet with very few troops to secure a national possession . . . They came not as enemies but as friends, expecting to receive a kindly welcome from the black generals—who had pretended to govern the colony in the name of France—and instead they had found these very men most deadly foes.

"Nevertheless, General Leclerc, brother-in-law of Napoleon Bonaparte, accompanied by his wife, the celebrated and beautiful Pauline, landed safe at Cape François. At once was issued his famous proclamation, which had been printed at Paris ere they had any knowledge of the real state of the colony. Its contents had been furnished by Toussaint himself. In his correspondence with the ministers of the French Cabinet, Toussaint had misrepresented the sentiments of the white population and had wilfully accused them of being the irreconcilable enemies of France . . . Thus this vile hypocritical chieftain had wickedly shifted the odium of his own perfidious policy and conduct upon the shoulders of the white men, who had no power

whatever in the colony and were anxiously longing for the arrival of the French, their countrymen, to deliver them from their African bondage. The proclamation astonished the whole white population, but all were still confident that the veil which obscured Leclerc's vision would, ere long, fall from his eyes. And this expectation was soon realized. He found no rebels among the whites, and his troops were continually engaged in battles with those same black murderers he had complimented in his proclamation as the 'only citizens of the colony faithful to France.' "

And then Leclerc died, and the generalship over the Island, according to rank and grade in the army, devolved on General Rochambeau. But this general, fearing that Bonaparte might not confirm his elevation to such a responsible and high station, spent his time in intrigues and in the framing of petitions, and the opportunity which was then his of putting down the rebellion was allowed to pass . . . .

Dessalines, the former governor of the Central Department, Toussaint's Inspector-General, was taken prisoner, but earned his release (he was permitted to escape) on promise of delivering into Rochambeau's hands his former master. This he accomplished and Toussaint was taken,

and then, in further reward for his treachery, Dessalines was at once reappointed by Rochambeau to his old post of inspector. However, he was no more true to the French than to Toussaint. Though provided now with a French commission, he promptly turned his back on Rochambeau and was never again seen by him except as an enemy. Passing through the mountains he stirred up a new insurrection, gathered a new army and, finally, though he himself was not present on the occasion, managed by surprise to take Cape Tiburon.* Here he hoped to get arms and equipment from Jamaica—and in this hope he was not disappointed.

"Nearly six months had passed since the landing of the French army, and we of the Grande Anse had not as yet felt the least commotion nor discovered any discontent among the blacks on the plantations. They worked with more alacrity and good will than ever before, preferring the gentle government of their white directors to the savage brutality of the unfeeling black maréchaussée of the Inspector . . . The capture of Cape Tiburon created a great sensation among us. When surprised, that place had a garrison of but twenty-five black men, with a colored man as their chief. It could make no resistance,

* [Given as "Tiberon" throughout in the original.]

and ere we received any tidings of the capture, Fort Irois (Irish Bay), at the eastern base of Tiburon's towering mountains, had also been taken by the insurgents.

"We were all summoned to arms—the whites, colored, and the black freed men. The nearest repaired at once to the spot and, by a *coup de main,* being only two hundred, recaptured Fort Irois from two thousand blacks. In this attack we had but one man killed, a planter, Mr. Baptiste d'Enau. Mr. Lombard, a sugar planter, a nephew of Mr. Lombard so honorably known in New York, where he resided so many years, had his horse carried from under him by an eighteen-pound shot without himself receiving any harm.

"These two hundred men, elated by their first success, and with no regular troops other than two officers, had the boldness now to undertake the recapture of Tiburon. The fortifications were crowded, I shall not say defended, with about four thousand blacks; and yet the brave fellows would have carried the place had not envy prevailed and hindered. Brigadier Borgelias,* who commanded in chief, was already master of the place, when Chef d'Escadron Roulet made a precipitate retreat. Upon this dastardly

* Brigadier Borgelias, who, I believe, is still living, is the son of a distinguished European jurist formerly residing in Port-au-Prince. He is a sensible, a brave and a good man.

manoeuvre, Borgelias had to fall back, fighting his ground as he retreated. After having crossed, or rather forded, a small river, he there made a stand, and there received a musket ball in his right arm near the shoulder. He was then compelled to rejoin the forces which had not been engaged in the action, and to make good his retreat to Fort Irois.

"I shall be particular in noting the occurrences of this and a few following days, as my conduct at this critical juncture secured to me a safe pass through the general massacre which took place eighteen months afterwards.

"Having been ordered to the frontier, the company of cavalry to which I belonged arrived at Fort Irois at the very moment when the cowards who had fled from the scene of action came in safe. They apprised us of the disasters growing out of the bold attack on Cape Tiburon. Whilst my friend and commander, Onfroy, was manning and overseeing the fort, I enquired of the officer in charge of it who were the physicians that had followed the little army. He, as if awakening from a dream, answered, 'None!' 'Have you any here?' I asked. 'Not one!' he replied. I immediately withdrew, got my portmanteau open, and wrote brief but entreating letters to three doctors whose residences were

within five miles, and despatched my two servants to go at full speed to deliver them. This measure I kept secret lest I should be disappointed in my expectations, but I felt happy when about two hours after my servants' departure I saw the doctors arrive, eager to perform their important duty.

"My friend Onfroy, who had gone with a detachment to protect the retreating army, returned with it and brought in the wounded. There appeared to be fifty-five men missing. It was already dark. On Borgelias and Roulet seeing the doctors, their surprise was extreme. The first, being dangerously wounded, felt pleased with their presence; the second, an envious officer, appeared to be vexed, for, had there been no surgeon, his superior, for want of timely relief, might have been seized with lock-jaw, a most common and fatal consequence of a wound in that climate, and he, Roulet would then have secured his rank and command. Borgelias enquired of the doctors . . . my letters were produced, and the facts were made known.

"I was immediately invited to headquarters, where compliments were lavished on me for my foresight. But Roulet, viewing me as a stumbling block in his way, thought of getting rid of me by appointing me at once a major of cavalry

and ordering me to proceed immediately up the mountains to protect the stragglers and to see that the post was not surprised during the night. It was then nine o'clock. I rode up with a well-chosen body of men to a point on the top of the mountains where cross-paths meet, and the next day returned safe to Fort Irois with twenty-two men we had found wandering in the dark.

"Brigadier Borgelias had retired six miles eastward to a place called L'Anse d'Enhault,* and there established his headquarters. He had left behind an order for me to follow him and act as his secretary and chief of staff, but this order had not been communicated to me by Roulet and I was kept continually out of the camp, engaged in drawing plans of the surrounding country with its roads and cross roads. On the third day, I received a communication direct from Borgelias, enquiring whether I had been apprised of his desire to have me near him. I repaired with this letter to Roulet's quarters. All he said was, that he could not resist his superior's orders, but that I might refuse the appointment, as he thought I would prefer to have a white man rather than a colored man as commander over my district. To this I made no reply . . . but proceeded at once to L'Anse d'Enhault,

*[Anse d'Hainault?]

where I found Borgelias confined, his wound in a state of suppuration. Having no one about him capable of conducting a correspondence, he had been under the necessity of deferring his report to his superior, General d'Arbois, at Jérémie. I drew up a kind of bulletin of what had taken place and forwarded it immediately. We then waited for new orders . . .

"In the meantime, Roulet, still at Irois, obtained, by misrepresentation, the signatures of about forty planters to a denunciation of Borgelias. Not one of the signers had read the paper, for it was stated to them that it contained only a demand for his, Roulet's, appointment in the room of Borgelias, whose wound would prevent him from taking an active part in the daily expected fights. But the same paper positively accused Borgelias of high treason—such as of having retired to L'Anse d'Enhault, where he lay in a house close by the sea receiving every night, both by land and by water, secret communications from the brigands, and informing them of all the measures and motions of the white army —and it declared that if he was not immediately secured and despatched the French would have to evacuate Irois. This denunciation was secretly delivered into the hands of General d'Arbois.

"This general, the most hasty and passionate man I have ever met, without any enquiry into the matter, now ordered an armed barge by sea and a guard by land to proceed directly to L'Anse d'Enhault, and so to regulate their motions as to arrive at the same hour, fixed at eleven at night. They were to secure and carry off Borgelias without their being seen, and then, when at sea, were to drown him, so that it might be reported that he had gone off to the brigands. The better to delude Borgelias, the officer by land was the bearer of a letter from the General, who expressed his concern for the wounds he had received. Being, he said, apprised of his suffering, and desiring ardently to commune with him, he sent a barge to carry him and thereby save him the fatigues of a long journey by land.

"The barge and the land guard arrived at the same time, but instead of surprising the post the messengers were arrested and had to make themselves known. When the letter was delivered, Borgelias read it and, as usual, handed it for me to read. He then asked me, 'Que pensez-vous de ce voyage? Voulez-vous m'accompagner?' 'Yes, sir,' I answered, 'but not by sea.' He instantly took the hint, and said to the officer, 'I am ready to obey my general, but my friend will accompany me by land only. I cannot go with-

out him; consequently, I shall, notwithstanding my pains and the fatigue of the journey, immediately depart by land.' . . .

"The dressing of Borgelias's wound, to secure it from the night dew, and some other arrangements, detained us until half past two after midnight, when we mounted our horses attended by our own guard and servants. We soon left General d'Arbois's guard behind, for we rode fast pacing horses whilst they had worn-out animals which could carry them only at a heavy trot. We even left our own guard and servants and, at a little before seven in the morning, Borgelias and myself, unattended, arrived at Jérémie, having ridden four hours and thirty minutes without stopping.

"We alighted at the General's headquarters and were soon introduced into the audience room. On our entering, the General flew back, struck with astonishment and dismay. He soon recovered from his great surprise, but without saying a word to Borgelias excepting a cold, 'How do you do?' he took me into his study, where I unfolded the conspiracy contrived against this innocent man. He at once felt convinced and praised me for the honorable part I had acted. He then went back to the audience room, where he heartily welcomed Borgelias

and, after a suitable apology, raised him in rank and gave orders to recall Roulet from his command.

"To this act alone, which grew out of a duty, do I owe my life; for the hand of Borgelias followed me unseen everywhere during the general massacre which afterwards took place . . .

"Borgelias and myself were now commanded to return to our post and make preparations to retake Cape Tiburon. About midnight, General d'Arbois sent an aid-de-camp requiring my attendance. I instantly repaired to headquarters. The merchants and planters, with a view to bind the General to the common cause and to make his interests a guarantee for the preservation of their own, had agreed to present him with the best plantation in the whole district. This estate was in my neighborhood and he desired my opinion. After having heard me, he determined to set out the next morning with me, and to head in person the expedition against Tiburon. We left Jérémie next morning, followed by two companies of cavalry, and at the Abricots he ordered these to follow their way to Dame Marie, and there wait for us. The General and myself, unattended, went up to the mountains; we arrived on the estate and passed through it in every direction. He found it superb and accepted it.

"At eight the next morning, we rejoined our little party at Dame Marie, and on the evening of that day arrived at Travisi. Hugo made preparations the next day, and at eight o'clock at night, being only four hundred and fifty men, we slowly crossed the mountains and, at half past two, before daylight, surprised and captured the whole formidable fortification.

"The quantity of new arms and fresh ammunition found, together with new suits of officers' uniforms with English epaulettes, proved a recent intercourse with the British. Besides, the prisoners taken declared that the British frigate, *Tartar,* Captain Perkin,* had come to anchor during the night and landed them. The English fleet on the Jamaica station had at this time been increased to double the number of the French—

* "Of all the British commanders on the Jamaica station, Perkin is the only one known to have been a regular agent of the Wilberforce Society. He had been selected on account of his being a colored man, a bastard mistive. He was a privateer during the American War of Independence, and his acquaintance with every by-port, place and hole along the coasts of the Island of St. Domingo, and some important services rendered to his Government, caused his reception into the Royal Navy. He was at first given the command of a brig of war, and then was promoted to the frigate, *Tartar.* He never sailed beyond the fifteenth and thirty-second degrees north latitude. In the year 1805, he was denounced by the planters of the Island of Jamaica for the infamous part he had acted at St. Domingo. The Admiralty ordered him to repair to the Halifax station, but upon receiving this order he resigned his commission."

their ships were continually hovering around the Island . . .

"The First Consul of France, Napoleon Bonaparte, having been apprised of the reception given to his troops by the black government, sent reinforcements. Two regiments of Polish troops, in the service of France, were landed at Cape Tiburon, but the convoy, commanded by Captains Vilgris and Breçon, then immediately sailed back to France. Ten days after the landing of these two beautiful regiments more than half of their men were carried off by yellow fever—and yet there was not at this time a single country soldier or planter on the sick list within the encampment.

"The revolt, at this period, might easily have been put down had General Rochambeau been attentive to his duties as Captain-General of the Island; but his debaucheries engrossed all his time." The best generals and most active officers were removed by the art of his mistresses, and all public confidence was destroyed. "General d'Arbois was superseded by the infamous General Sarazin,* a fine-looking man, but bearing on his countenance the well-developed features of a perfect hypocrite. On his first visit through

* Traitor to Napoleon at Boulogne, rewarded for this by Louis XVIII, and, finally, a galley slave for other crimes.

his command, when I attended him as an officer of the staff, he delivered some fine and honey-like discourses, but his actions belied all he said, for he at once removed all the planters who were commanders of the several districts, and who knew both their duties and the country, to make room for Europeans who did not understand the language of the people nor know anything whatever of the country. I was retained to serve as mentor to Major Lozinski, a Pole, who could hardly speak a word of French. We were stationed at Dame Marie,* the central post between Cape Tiburon and Jérémie, with only about fifty Polish soldiers, and no fort for shelter in case of an attack . . .

"However, the country from Tiburon throughout the Grande Anse, with the exception of such blacks as were generally reputed felons and had already passed over to the insurgents, continued in a state of perfect tranquillity—until the twelfth of June, 1803, when we received at Dame Marie the most appalling despatches from General Sarazin. I read them. They were imperative." The outposts, the holding of which secured the safety of the Grande Anse, were to be abandoned, the colonial militia was to be dismissed, and the greater number of the

* [Given as Donna Maria, in the original.]

regular troops were to be returned to the quarter-general at Jérémie. Lozinski was struck with astonishment and dismay. "He had, he said, been promoted to this command only to be sacrificed, for he could see no safety after the frontier lines would be withdrawn. He debated the whole afternoon and even through the following night on the probable consequences and effects to be expected from the execution of these orders. He asked me several times whether I would return after I had executed them. I frankly answered that I would not, and I advised him, on the first tidings of an eruption on the frontiers, to make good his retreat towards Jérémie. 'I cannot do this without fighting,' he replied. 'Fighting is useless; this place is not tenable nor worth holding when the country is lost.' 'That is true,' he answered, 'But rather than be dishonored as a soldier, I will blow my brains out with this pistol.'* Early next morning, we embraced and bade each other adieu. Accompanied by five colored dragoons, I went to execute the orders received—and also to warn the inhabitants of their danger, to entreat them to inform their neighbors, and to advise them to retire instantly to the coast . . .

*Five days later, surrounded by two thousand blacks, and seeing his men murdered, he carried out his promise.

"I arrived on the fourth day on my estate of Gondola, and ordered the furniture to be packed and removed. While thus engaged, I descried a man riding down the mountain at full gallop. I instantly mounted my horse and rode up to meet him. He was carrying a white child whom he had rescued from death, and whose family had been murdered. The country over our mountain, he said, was all on fire. I requested him to proceed on his way and spread the alarm. With a view to satisfy myself as to the fire, I rode four miles farther, to the top of our highest mountain, on which was the superb coffee estate of the Chevalier de Montagnac. When I reached this spot I beheld the most awful and desolating spectacle, no less than ten square leagues of country illuminated by thousands of fires. After having observed the fire's progress eastward, I felt confident that ere night overshadowed our hemisphere the spot I stood on would be visited by the same destructive element. I rode back in haste to my estate to order what was to be done. During my absence some articles had been sent down to the *embarcadère* called Aux Abricots, and I now directed the blacks to remove their own goods, to conceal them in the woods and, as to themselves, to get out of the current and secure their own safety. It was dark

when I left them. I took but two servants with me, and despatched a third, with my best horse, to ride at full speed to apprise Mr. Boisneuf of his danger—this gentleman was under arrest on his estates by order of General Sarazin. Had my messenger tarried five minutes on his way, Mr. Boisneuf would have been murdered. My servant was taken on his return, lost the horse, but later was able himself to escape.

"On my arrival at the Abricots, and after a consultation with the inhabitants present, there being but two small vessels, it was agreed to embark first the white women and children, and after them the colored ones. There was no room for any servants, furniture or goods.

"Several couriers had been despatched to apprise General Sarazin of the distress of the inhabitants and to ask for troops to arrest the progress of the invasion, but the scoundrel paid not the least attention nor did he detach a single soldier, although at this time there were upwards of one thousand regulars garrisoned in the town of Jérémie.

"At nine o'clock at night, the fire broke out on Chevalier Montagnac's estate, where I had stood five hours before, and during the night the range of mountains facing the sea exhibited the glaring flames of a vast conflagration. What a

night of horrible anxiety did we all pass! We who were well mounted hurried the departure by land for Jérémie of all who must depend upon the swiftness and vigor of their own limbs. At seven in the morning the fire was set to an estate within half an hour of us, and we abandoned Abricots at the moment when a column of a thousand blacks, with flaming torches in their hands, rushed into it. From the hills over it, on which stood the coffee estate of the heirs Pauver, we beheld the little town devoured by the fire, and all the valuables deposited in it by the neighboring planters reduced to ashes.

"We retreated, being only thirty in number, as a rear guard of observation, but when on top of a hill commanding a view of L'Anse-du-Clerc, seeing a large schooner at anchor, with hundreds of women crying aloud to get on board, we hurried down and, without consulting the owner, a Mr. Petioni (who wished to embark, before he admitted any passengers, the whole contents of a valuable store), we sent on board as many of the unhappy and distracted females as the vessel could receive. We had hardly effected this embarkment when we descried another column of blacks coming down from one of our evacuated posts on the Misses Martin's estate. They were within one mile of us, run-

ning down as fast as they could, expecting to cut off our retreat. Having increased our number now to about fifty horsemen, and having hurried away those who had to walk, we made a stand at a narrow part of the road and held the negroes in check for one hour, and then retreated slowly, making new stands where the path admitted it, until we thought the multitude secure from danger and near to the city of Jérémie. In this manner we reached the long plain called Jeames, through which a straight dry road had been built . . . What a heart-rending scene! Countless females of all colors, old and young, dragging their weary bodies, exhausted by a meridian heat, by thirst and hunger . . . This distressing sight enkindled my anger; I felt impatient to reach headquarters; and, leaving my companions as a rear guard to protect these unfortunate victims, I rode as fast as my horse would go.

"It was four o'clock when I arrived. I found General Sarazin surrounded by a large number of planters and merchants who were all very clamorous. On my entering the hall, excited as I was, I addressed the General rather in the high tone of a superior than in the humble language of a subaltern. I reproached him with the infamy of his conduct in withdrawing our frontier

posts, but, above all, for his not sending a single soldier, after having been apprised of the invasion, to protect the lives of the men, women and children his policy had exposed to destruction. I was not allowed to speak long; a kind of frenzy got hold of the persons present and had not a company of grenadiers been called up to rescue him this fiend in human shape would not have survived the consummation of his perfidious policy.*

"Thus within less than five days was entirely destroyed by the most odious and unheard-of treason the only section of the French possessions in St. Domingo that had during the whole course of thirteen years of civil war and revolution in that Island constantly maintained its integral state and preserved both its peace and its riches.

"On Sarazin's flight, the command of the district devolved on a major, then commandant of the place. He instantly despatched one hundred and fifty regulars and fifty dragoons. On their approach, the incendiary enemies, who had come within two miles of the city, made a precipitate retreat. They made no resistance until they reached one of our former posts, on the

* There being an armed brig in port, at five o'clock, an hour after this warm altercation, this treacherous villain embarked and made his way to Port-au-Prince.

plantation of Mr. Ivonet, adjacent to Mr. Plunket's estate.* This post was situated on the top of a high hill having the form of a sugar loaf and was accessible only through a zigzag road. The blacks on this strong position were about one thousand in number, and yet the regulars ascended the hill and carried the post, killing all who resisted . . .

"The city of Jérémie was crowded with people who had lost their all, and, as little or nothing could be received from the country, the place was soon exhausted of its resources, but, providentially, two American vessels arrived and supplied for a time the more urgent wants . . ."

* * *

It was while we were laboring under these calamities, that the hand of England again fell. With the pretext of the non-delivery of the Rock of Malta to its ancient chevaliers, as provided for by the treaty of peace between France and England, the British cabinet had sent word to its fleets throughout the world that war was to be resumed against France on a certain given day, and that on this day they were to attack

* "The only son and heir of this gentleman was then in New York, where he had been sent for his education. Although I have not seen him for a great while, I think he still resides there. Mr. Ivonet, his uncle, is now a planter in the island of Cuba.

French vessels and French stations everywhere. "Thus, before the new war was made known to the French government at Paris, all the seas of the world witnessed British acts of plunder and carnage." It was twelve o'clock on the night of the 6th of July, 1803, that the British entered the port of Jérémie and took possession, not only of the approaches to the town, but also of the fleet of vessels lying in the harbor loaded with the effects of the colonials.

"The black incendiaries had been apprised of the new war by an agent of the Wilberforce Society, a Mr. Corbett, who had landed, together with arms and ammunition, at Cape Tiburon." With a colored man, Jeffrard, a cousin of Borgelias, as chief, and with another colored man, Ferroux,* as second in command, a new incendiary army was formed, and this now marched unopposed to within half a mile of Jérémie. With a British man-of-war blockading the harbor, the city could not withstand a siege, and it was resolved to treat for surrender. A *pour parler* was held on Jeames Plain. Mr. Corbett there assured the French commander that while he had no power to covenant for the British, he

* General Jeffrard had served as an officer in the French armies in Europe. Ferroux had been a corporal in the colonial regiment raised in St. Domingo during the American Revolution and had been at the siege of Savannah.

had no doubt but that Captain Perkin would grant a free pass by sea for the troops. The surrender was then made on these terms.

"There were in the harbor two very large American schooners, brought in ballast by Mr. John Francis Kennedy, then a merchant of Baltimore, and the boldest adventurer I have ever known. These two vessels were the only ones fit to receive General Fressinet and the broken remains of the army. They embarked, and small boats loaded with passengers of both sexes, carrying with them their last dollars, followed, in the hope of being protected from sea plunderers.

"This small fleet had hardly left the harbor and was in full view and about four miles distant when the frigate *Tartar,* with her tender, fell upon it, captured the whole, and carried all off to Port Royal, Jamaica. Thus, within two hours' time, were blasted the hopes of the unfortunate inhabitants; they had escaped from the blacks and had fallen a prey to the British.

"It had been my intention to depart with Mr. Kennedy, and I had indeed made arrangements for this, but while we were negotiating for the surrender of the town I received a deputation from the colored and freed black men of my district, desiring me to meet them at an outpost a

little distance from our lines. I obtained leave from our commanding general. They gave me a cordial reception and entreated me to stay among them and establish myself as a merchant, saying that I should soon repair the heavy losses I had just experienced. Suffice it to say, that General Jeffrard, whose organ they were, desiring me positively to stay, I did so.

"The black army took possession of the town without much confusion and, had it not been for some private revenge and the utter nakedness of the invaders, there perhaps would have been neither robberies nor murders—what took place, although horribly inhumane and discouraging, I shall leave unnoticed.

"Three days after this came in a vessel from Charleston, South Carolina. The place was destitute of provisions. General Jeffrard desired me to purchase the cargo for the use of the government. I did so and from a planter and warrior became a merchant—and so remained until I left the Island.

"Port-au-Prince, Cape François, Aux Cayes and the other ports were apprised of the new war in nearly the same summary manner as were we at Jérémie. The French army was compelled to evacuate the colony and, in doing this, of course, fell an easy prey to the collected superior

forces of the British navy. Few Frenchmen remained but such as could not procure shipping to carry them off or were otherwise advised to stay by offers of protection or by motives of interest.

"But while these things were occurring in other places, the frigate *Tartar,* having already secured by capture a large share of the general plunder, came to anchor at Jérémie. Captain Perkin landed, accompanied by Messers Corbett and Sutherland, the Wilberforce agents. . . . Mr. Sutherland made the city his residence, but Mr. Corbett . . . retired to a plantation at Fond Rouge belonging, before the late invasion, to a Mr. Pavioti. This was four miles distant from the town . . ."

Headed by a Mr. Berquier, a philanthropic sugar planter (a distinguished scholar and scientist who had attempted unsuccessfully to reproduce with his black men a communal republic resembling that of Mr. Rolfe at Harmony in Pennsylvania), the leading citizens now repaired to Mr. Corbett's place of residence.

"After a conference which lasted four hours, we were made distinctly to understand that 'the British Society for the Emancipation of Slaves, to raise them from ignorance to self-government, desired nothing more sincerely than the

co-operation of the white planters, to guide and instruct them.' The colony, he said, so far as he understood the views of the society he had the honor to represent, would be replaced upon the same footing and management as had prevailed under Toussaint l'Ouverture, previous to the landing of the French army. He went so far as to assure us upon his sacred honor that the 'white inhabitants then remaining in the country would not only be respected, but their territorial properties would be restored to them upon their declaring themselves members of this republic.'

"On the foregoing declaration being made public, confidence revived among the whites, and, as the blacks in this district had taken no part in the war, a sincere friendship existing between them and their masters, all, though ruined, now looked forward with renewed hope.

"Mr. Corbett remained at Jérémie until informed officially of the evacuation of the colony by the French army. He then left, he said, for England, to apprise the highly honorable and humane society of the happy success of their labors in creating a brotherly love and affection between the blacks, the mulattoes and the whites. What a profound hypocrite he was, the sequel will show . . ."

On or about the 15th of September, Mr. Cor-

bett returned, and it at once appeared "that his previous affable and affectionate manner towards the whites had undergone a complete change, for he refused to have any communication with even those gentlemen he had formerly called his 'co-laborers in the righteous cause.' He absolutely refused to see any one of us except Mr. Berquier (whom he called his dear friend, and afterward betrayed into the hands of the assassins). All that could be gathered from him was that he was going to attend a general meeting of the principal black and colored chiefs at St. Marks, and that in this assembly the form of government, its policy and measures would be discussed. He stayed in Jérémie but five days, when, accompanied by Mr. Sutherland, General Ferroux, Colonel Gaston and others, he again embarked.

"The arrival of several American vessels in our port revived and enlivened our commerce and made us forget, at least for the time, the precarious tenure of our lives. We cheered each other with the hope of seeing our situation bettered by the promulgation of the decrees of the assembled chiefs.

"On or about the 25th of January, 1804, the barge, convoyed by the frigate *Tartar,* returned with its precious cargo of officers. Mr. Suther-

land was landed, but Mr. Corbett proceeded on with the frigate to Port Royal, Jamaica, to make his way back to England. In vain did we endeavor to obtain some information about the deliberations of the St. Marks assembly. The lips of the chiefs who had attended, as well as Mr. Sutherland's, were hermetically sealed. They evaded every question, and merely let out that the sequestered estates, instead of being farmed out at auction, as rumors had announced, would, for the present at least, remain under the immediate control of the government. However, there appeared to be nothing at this time to create any serious alarm. A mutual confidence had been established between the merchants and the small dealers, and the black cultivators provided the town with vegetables and poultry. Peace and good feeling reigned everywhere, and all desired but a continuance of the same active and friendly state of things.

"But on the 25th of January, a rumor spread of the departure from Port-au-Prince, for a tour of inspection to the south and west, of General, or as he was now styled, Governor-General Dessalines. At once there was a panic. The ferocious temper of this chieftain was only too well known, as were also the many scenes of butchery in which he had enacted the most prominent

part. The white, the colored, and the black populations were alike affected. Confidence was destroyed and distrust took its place; people dared hardly to exchange thoughts or undertake business . . . Every succeeding day brought more and more appalling rumors. It was whispered that the whole white population of Aux Cayes had been massacred and that Dessalines was on his way to Jérémie to visit that city with the same horrible carnage.

"It was on the 5th of March that certainty took the place of rumor. Mr. Raynal, the adjutant to the military commandant, came to my store and with a voice betraying the dreadful anxiety of his mind, said to me: 'Cachez de suite toutes vos marchandises, vos livres, et vos effets les plus precieux. Je reviendrai à onze heures cette nuit; n'ouvrez la porte que lorsque je vous aurai donné la signal convenu. (Conceal immediately all your goods, your books and your most precious effects. I shall return at eleven tonight; open the door only when I shall have given your our signal.) He added not a word in explanation, but went out again in great haste.

"The brave Onfroy, who fourteen months before had been proclaimed in the French army, by general order, 'the bravest of the brave,' and who now lived with me as a friend and assisted

me as a clerk, had begun to remove certain articles when suddenly a group of merchants entered the store. They had observed Adjutant Raynal's call on me and were anxious to know the cause of his apparent agitation. I repeated word for word what he had said.

"A dreadful crisis seemed near at hand, and though hope is the last sentiment that forsakes man, yet it appeared as if vanishing from the bosoms of most of the gentlemen present; they did not indeed bewail, but they stood silent, with their eyes fixed on the ground, as if lost in dreadful conjectures. At this moment, Mr. Sutherland, the Wilberforce agent, passed the door. He was well acquainted with us all, and all desired to commune with him, as he had assisted at the assembly of chiefs and must therefore know the measures which had there been resolved upon. He could, if he would, tell us what we had to fear or to expect, and whether the general massacre of the whites at Aux Cayes had been in execution of a decree of the assembly. Mr. Farrange and Mr. Bertrand instantly followed him and brought him into the store, and Mr. Bertrand, who was on terms of intimacy with him, addressed him a series of questions. He gave evasive answers. He admitted, however, that it had been resolved to permit very

few white Frenchmen to remain on the Island, and these, he thought, were to be merchants and doctors. The others were to be deported—he thought so, he expected it, but could not possibly tell. There were indeed great dangers to be apprehended. Dessalines' arrival, he said, filled him with dreadful anxieties for the lives of his friends. He then begged leave to withdraw, as he did not wish that General Ferroux should be apprised of his meeting with us. He hurried away. I did not see him again until some time after the massacre . . .

"During the remaining part of this day, the city appeared as if covered with a dark veil; the atmosphere was heavy, and thick dark clouds lowering towards the earth narrowed the horizon. A dismal stillness pervaded the streets . . .

"Night came on and, a few minutes before the appointed hour, Adjutant Raynal gave his private rap. I opened the door. I found him leaning against the wall by the side of it. I drew him in and shut the door again. He was exhausted with fatigue, and his mind was in a frantic state. I instantly gave him some dry Malaga wine in order to recruit his strength, and he recovered little by little. The first words he uttered were: 'They must be saved! I will save them if I can!' 'Who?' I asked. 'Well, you

know them all. I have got them dressed as ragamuffins; they are now in the ranks as soldiers. I have placed two of them with some blacks as sentinels along the sea border.' He continued for a few moments to speak rather incoherently, but after a while recovered the energy of his mind so as to give a more intelligible connection to his narrative.

" 'When I called on you this morning,' he said, 'I could but give you a warning. But now, the terrible tidings I have to communicate! At half past two o'clock this morning, an order was sent to me to repair instantly to the Commandant's quarters. I hurried thither. The Commandant appeared agitated. Despatches had just been received from General Dessalines by General Ferroux, who had issued orders in consequence. I read them. They ordered the Commandant and all officers under him to take every measure to secure the due execution of the decree of the assembly of the chiefs at St. Marks. Neither the Commandant nor myself knew anything positive about this decree. It occurred to us that Gaston, who had accompanied Ferroux to the assembly, must be in the secret. I repaired to his quarters. He had received orders to call into town the several detachments of his regiment stationed along the sea coast and to

hold himself ready for a review on the 7th of March. His demeanor while he was sending out the messengers betrayed great uneasiness of mind. When we were left alone, I explained the motive of my early visit and asked him if he knew what these extraordinary orders portended. "Death! My death, yours, and our white friends," he answered.' "

He, Gaston, then went on to declare to Raynal that he would never be a murderer, and that he no longer held himself bound to secrecy as regards the crimes against which he and others had protested. The discussion in the assembly, as he now revealed it, and as reported to us by Raynal, had been as follows:—

Corbett, direct from England, had proposed —"First, that no white men, women or children, French or foreigners, should henceforth be suffered to live in the Island, who at any previous time had been owners of or had held in trust any real estate or slaves, or had any interest invested in the same. Second, that no white foreigners, men or women, who might choose hereafter to come and reside in the Island, should be permitted to hold any real estate, and that they should by law be considered as resident aliens.*

"These two resolutions passed without any

* [This prohibition remained in effect until 1899.]

great difficulty. The execution of the second appeared very easy—but the measures to be taken for the execution of the first were warmly discussed. Three different plans were proposed. The first was to banish the French white population, allowing them a limited period of time in which to quit the Island. A great many of the colored officers were in favor of this, but it was finally rejected on the ground that the whites being in possession of all the precious metals would carry them off along with them and that the country would then be left in a most wretched state. The second proposition was to force the white population to purchase their lives by giving up all their money and valuables, and afterwards to deport them. This also was rejected. Then came the third and most appalling proposition—to put to death the French white population and thus at once to secure all their wealth.

"This last atrocious and murderous resolve was commended and approved by Corbett—and indeed it would neither have been offered nor passed had not the two representatives of the Wilberforce Society suggested and supported it. It was, they said, a measure of retribution and would strike terror and dismay into the heart of every owner of slaves throughout all the islands and on the continent of America, and would, at

the same time, serve effectually to sever forever this Island from the dominion of France, and thus secure its independence."

Many voted against this murderous plan, and left the assembly, but these were compelled forcibly to return and all were then sworn to secrecy. Gaston had been among the objectors. " 'Gaston,' continued Raynal, 'is willing to protect and save the lives of as many white people as he possibly can. We have agreed to place in the ranks of his favorite company several white men in disguise, and to keep them as sentinels on such posts as are out of the common ways. That is what I had just done when I rapped at your door.'

"At two past midnight, Raynal left me . . . The sun rose on the morning of the 6th with a threatening aspect. The eastern horizon appeared enflamed; detached, heavy clouds with crimson borders portrayed by their mixtures and shapes the arrays of armies, the conflict of warriors, the blood of the slain and the mourning of the conquered. The unusual sight astonished everyone, the blacks viewing it as the foreboding of a new and sanguinary war with France, and the whites, as a gloomy announcement of their own approaching torture and death. The Governor, it was announced, was to arrive on the morrow at ten o'clock in the morning.

"Little or no intercourse between the three colors took place during the day. It was, however, agitated among the merchants whether it would not be proper on their part to appoint a deputation to wait on Dessalines, immediately after his arrival, and by humble tokens, offers of money and services to avert the danger of being all involved in the same ruin. After mature consideration, the intention was given up as being entirely out of season . . .

"At half past ten in the morning of the 7th, Dessalines made his entry into the town through the rue Basse du Commerce, all the white and other people residing in that street standing with the best possible countenance in front of their dwellings and saluting him as he passed. He returned not their salutes, but, on the contrary, surveyed them with the ferocious eyes of a famished tiger . . . The day passed, however, more quietly than could have been expected and, with the exception of the plundering of a few houses on the outskirts of the town, nothing remarkable took place.

"On the morrow, the 8th of March, a proclamation was promulgated, with beating of drums, throughout every street and lane. It was conceived in the following words:—

" 'By order of the Governor-General of the

Island of St. Domingo, all white male inhabitants of whatever nation or country they may be natives, are commanded to appear on the 9th of March, at eight o'clock in the morning, at the Place of Arms, for the Government to take a census of their number. At nine o'clock, domiciliary visits will be made by armed patrols, throughout the town, and every white man found concealed shall instantly be put to death in front of the place of his concealment.'

"A thunder bolt falling amongst a flock of bewildered sheep could not have produced a greater terror and dismay than did this proclamation amongst the white inhabitants.* One brave but incautious young man on hearing the death-like announcement exclaimed: 'If I must die, my life shall be dearly paid for!' These words were uttered in the presence of white men only, and yet before noon he and his companions had been separately taken and murdered . . .

"On the afternoon of this day, I received a verbal message from Jeffrard. The bearer was, if I recollect right, Major Boyer.† It was conceived in these words: 'Le commandant Borgelias vous envoie ses compliments; il n'est pas ici,

* [The gathering of the inhabitants of a town for a "census" was the customary and convenient prelude to a massacre.]

† [Some years later, president of Haiti.]

mais le general Jeffrard vous fait dire de rester tranquille chez vous. Demain à huit heures il vous enverra un officier pour vous accompagner à la Place d'Armes. Adieu!' (Commandant Borgelias sends you his compliments. He is not here, but General Jeffrard sends you word to remain quietly at home. At eight o'clock tomorrow he will send you an officer to accompany you to the Place of Arms.) He did not give me time to answer, but went off in a hurry.

"My friend Onfroy,* who was the only person present when this message was delivered, exclaimed, 'Vous êtes sauvé! Ah! Borgelias! Une grande action se paye par un autre. Mais moi!' (You are saved! Ah! Borgelias! One great action is paid for by another. But, as to me!) These words stung me to the heart. Onfroy had been prominent in the fighting against Dessalines. The Bravest of the Brave could not appear at the review without being pointed out to Dessalines, and instant death would be the inevitable consequence. He must not appear; a place of safety must be sought for him. There

* Mr. Onfroy, a native of a village in the neighborhood of the city of Rouen, in France, had a plantation a mile distant from my own. His temper was that of a lamb, but in danger he had the courage of a lion. The title "Bravest of the Brave" was given to him for delivering alone and conducting in safety a whole regiment of Polish troops, by passing through ambuscades six miles in length.

were, between my house and the next to the west, which was occupied by a Mr. Stacco, an Italian merchant, two high parting masonry walls, making a covered way which had been originally used to conceal contraband goods. The only entrance to this was through a secret door forming a part of the lower wainscot. We spent the night in placing in this refuge mattresses and bedding, biscuit, water and wine, sufficient to last several days . . . and in the same place I deposited my papers and most precious effects. Raynal alone was privy to this . . .

"The dreaded 9th of March came at last. It was ushered in by the roar of cannon from the citadel and other forts. The several black regiments were put in motion in their respective quarters, and soon began to march through the streets to the Place of Arms. The sun, as on the preceding days, remained enveloped in triple folds of black clouds, and so narrow had the horizon become and such was the calm in the air, that a whisper was echoed and the steps of the soldiery resounded through the stillness. All the houses had their fronting sides closed, and the doors were opened only to let out the unhappy and half-distracted victims . . .

"I heard a rap at my door. It was an aid-de-camp from General Jeffrard together with my

friend Raynal, who had called to accompany me. We started immediately, taking with us Mr. Barthelemy Page and Mr. Stacco, my neighbor. We soon arrived at the dreaded spot."

The black army was drawn up in a hollow square, facing inwards, around the whole place, leaving an opening only in front of Adjutant Raynal's quarters, at the northern end of the eastern side. The whole of the rest of this side, consisting of two-story houses with open piazzas and latticed galleries, was occupied by Dessalines, his staff and the guard. On the north was the sea; on the south, the Commandant's quarters; and on the west, temporary barracks for a part of Dessalines' army. "The white male inhabitants formed a line three deep on the north side, within the hollow square, the head resting at the north-east—the merchants first, the doctors second, the planters third, and the other white men of all professions and trades promiscuously following. My friends and I were placed at the head of the column.

"In about fifteen minutes, the eastern line of the army opened in its center and, attended by several generals and other officers all dressed in the highest military style, Governor Dessalines made his appearance on foot. The line closed again and, a strong detachment appearing, the

opening at the north-east was also closed. Dessalines now walked down the front until he reached the white men's line. He then made a stand about fifteen feet distant from me, in front of the merchants. After having viewed us for about five minutes, he passed his right hand several times over his upper lip, took large pinches of snuff, and commenced his harangue in the following words, using the creole dialect mixed with bad French.

"'Vous blancs de Jérémie, moue conne vous hai moue—You whites of Jérémie, I know you hate me. I know you hated the law that made the black men free. When Polveral and Santonax were about coming here to promulgate that law, you refused to receive them, and delivered yourselves to the British, who then took possession of La Grande Anse; and you helped them to fight the blacks and the mulattoes. But at last the English betrayed you into the hands of the mulatto Rigaud. You know well that we negroes conquered that renegado mulatto, took Aux Cayes from him, and the South-western Department. He was obliged to make his escape from the Island. I then passed through your country, destroying the mulattoes, your enemies. At that time I did you no harm. I only required of you to furnish me with money to pay my soldiers.

The merchants always get into their hands all the money that is in the country. Fear made you give me what I required, but you grumbled like dogs when someone tries to wrest a bone from their mouths. Before I left you I placed black commandants in every quarter. I formed black companies of inspectors to compel *les citoyens nègres* to labor more. I left with you, as your chief, my cousin Domage. Domage! I loved him more than myself! I shall be revenged upon you for his treason. Your merchants found plenty of money to corrupt him and his soldiers. I know that you protected him afterwards and treated him well. But when he received orders from General Toussaint to cause the cannon to be fired throughout his command on the first arrival of the French army and to execute his ultimate orders, he trusted this secret to some of you. You flattered him and made him a traitor to his superior's orders and to his own color. Our grand scheme averted here—the French landed without trouble and without fight. I shall be revenged for this! The blood of you all shall pay for Domage's treacherous conduct.'

"He had worked himself up to the extreme of a maniac's fury and his eyes were blood red. Jeffrard, observing this, now interrupted him by turning his attention to the aids-de-camp waiting

to deliver the census. Lorette, his first aid and secretary, now read in a loud voice, 'There are 1436 white men of all description, including six doctors and fifty-six merchants.' Dessalines rubbed his lip and chin, took snuff and, with a voice resembling the howling of a famished wolf, cried out, 'Cut the line from the doctors. Divide the rest into parts. Surround each part so that none can escape.'

"This manoeuvre was effected in less than ten minutes. Then he howled again, 'Parquez iou les tous! Parquez iou les tous!' (Put them all in the cattle fold—that is, the prisons.) But as the detachments began to move off, he advanced towards them and bade them to stop. He stood a while gazing, as if calculating on some advantage, and then exclaimed: 'Moue conne qui ya blancs qui sont pas mechans. Fates vous connaitre, donne l'argent pour moue paye mes soldats. J'enverre officers à moue à la prison pour cela, et pitetre—que—' (I know there are white men who are not bad. Make yourselves known, give money for me to pay my soldiers. I shall send my officers to the prison for it, and perhaps—) The sentence died on his lips. The detachment moved off towards the prisons, and he came back to his former stand opposite the merchants.

"He eyed us each separately, and then, as one

resolved on some sinister purpose, his face offering the very countenance of a tiger, he screamed out: 'Fifty-six merchants! Oh! Oh! The whole Island does not require so many! *Marchands d'imbats!* (Salt-fish retailers!) Why, our negresses can do better than they! I do not want them!' Upon this, these were taken out of the ranks and formed into a new line apart. Those remaining of us were counted and twenty-seven were still found in the first line—whereupon he cried out that he wanted 'no retailers of any kind.' So the retailers were taken out and placed with the fish dealers. Our line was again counted, and eighteen were found. Again he said that there were too many— he would keep no others but such 'as dealt by the cargo with foreign vessels.' Seven more were removed . . . The great crisis was approaching. Some deliberation took place among the head officers. After a few minutes passed in a dreadful suspense, Dessalines exclaimed: 'Eleven merchants are too many for a place like this! I will keep but such of them as never owned a plantation or had a black man as his slave.' At these words, Mr. Stacco and Mr. Brunet, the latter being father-in-law to General Ferroux, being overcome, fell to the ground. (Mr. Brunet recovered, but Mr. Stacco died two hours later.) After a solemn

pause, all the remaining merchants were taken out of line. I stood alone for about five minutes, until a black officer came directly to me, and said to Dessalines, 'I know this one—he helped defeat me at Cape Tiburon, and I know, besides, that he owns three plantations.' I was placed with the doomed merchants. None remained of the first line.

"At this critical moment, General Jeffrard stepped towards me and taking me by the hand led me directly to Dessalines, whom he addressed thus: 'I present you an American. It is true that by heritage he had become owner of several estates, but, for all that, he is not the less an American. He is the only person here who speaks English. Besides, he saved my cousin Borgelias, who, had it not been for him, would have been drowned by the French.' Dessalines, during General Jeffrard's address, looked sharp in my eyes, and then said in a loud voice: 'Select an officer and twenty men as a guard for this American; let their lives be forfeited if any harm is done to his person or property. We need show favor to Americans.'

"The officer and guard were soon selected. They led me to my house; but ere I opened the door, I consulted with the officer, with whom I was acquainted. It was agreed to place his men under the gallery fronting the house, to prevent

anyone from breaking into it, and I gave money to treat them and to feed them. As for myself, however, knowing that I would be safer at Raynal's, the officer with four men now conducted me thither and, to take me out of the public view, placed me in the latticed gallery on the second story, facing the scene I had left but a quarter of an hour before.

"The merchants were in the same place and order as when I had quitted them, and Dessalines was now engaged with the doctors. There were among them two young and good-looking doctors who had been left behind by the French army. He seemed to give these a preference—on account of their never having owned any slaves, and also because of their being *dandere,* that is, ignorant of everything pertaining to the country. Besides these two, another excellent man, Doctor Sauvé, must be saved, he said, 'because of his name.'

"After this, a long consultation took place among the superior officers. Finally, Dessalines, advancing towards the merchants, said in a loud voice: 'I am willing to remit and forgive all your old sins against me, provided you get yourselves naturalized as citizens and pay twelve hundred dollars each for the privilege of being acknowledged and protected. I allow you four days to procure the money. When this has

been paid into the hands of Jean Jacques, the treasurer, you will appear on the fourth day, in the afternoon, with the receipts in your hands, and I shall deliver to you your certificates of naturalization.' The doctors were dealt with in the same manner—except the two young French doctors, already spoken of, and Doctor Sauvé, who were let off free from taxation. A guard of five men was then placed over each, to be billeted in their houses until the money was paid.

"As the merchants and doctors were marching off with their guards, there was brought before Dessalines a holy character whom I had not seen at the review. It was the Reverend Father Barbier, a monk, curate for the parishes of Jérémie and Dame Marie. He was habited in the dress of his order. His long white serge robe and his hood, over which hung long silver locks, together with his high stature, made his appearance highly venerable. I was surprised when I heard Dessalines burst into savage laughter, but I could not hear what he told him, as at this moment they were moving off from the place they had occupied in front of me.*

* Father Barbier had accumulated a large fortune in ready money. Dessalines accompanied him to his house, got his money from him, and then he escaped, taking refuge under the altar in the church. Just after dusk, I heard the report of three guns, and was told that he had been dragged from the altar and shot dead.

"It was about one in the afternoon when the army was dismissed and sent to its quarters . . . Notwithstanding the severe trial I had just passed through, I felt the want of some nourishment, and was making my way down stairs, when I heard several voices in the apartment below—they were speaking about what was then occurring at the prisons. I retreated to my place of concealment. Half an hour afterwards, Adjutant Raynal came up with a servant bringing food. He desired me to remain quiet in the place I was, as it would be dangerous at this moment to be seen by the soldiery. He then told me that upwards of two hundred white men, having no money to give, had already been massacred in front of the prisons, and their naked bodies thrown from the city wharf . . . Raynal stayed with me but a few minutes, entreating me again not to quit my place and assuring me that no one would have access to it but himself.

"It was about half past three o'clock when I observed a number of officers making their way towards the prisons. In less than twenty minutes I saw many of them returning with white men along with them. My heart leaped with joy at this sight. I thought they were going to rescue some of the miserable victims. The number increased; they all took the way leading to

the dwellings of their respective prisoners. One whom I particularly remarked was the head commercial man, named Sterling—a Frenchman, although his name proved an English origin. He was led by a superior officer.* Alas, I learned shortly after this that these unfortunate men, having given to their conductors all the money and jewels they had, were told that they could not be left at home because of the soldiery, but must, for their safety, return to the prisons.

"Night came. It covered with its black mantle such homicides and diabolical crimes as light refuses to witness and nature abhors . . . It was half past nine when the four hundred wretched white men who had on this afternoon given up all that they possessed to save their lives, now stripped of all their clothes, their arms fastened behind their backs, and tied two by two with cords, headed by black sapeurs with large axes on their shoulders, dragged their way into the place. They made a halt in front of Dessalines' headquarters for him to behold his victims.

* This Mr. Sterling, as I learned from him afterwards, was led to his house. He unburied his money and gave five hundred doubloons. The officer, having received this, was trying to force him back to prison when the colored woman who lived with him took his part. They wrestled and he made his escape. He remained concealed for sixty-five days, and ultimately arrived safe in Baltimore.

So near to my place of refuge was the appalling and heart-rending scene, that I heard both the cries of despair of the unfortunates and the harsh vociferations of the soldiery. Then I heard a voice ordering them off. They took the street leading into the great road along the western coast.* Thus closed the ever memorable 9th of March, 1804 . . .

"Immediately after breakfast on the 10th, I resumed my seat in the latticed piazza. I observed many white men moving from the prisons, accompanied by black and colored officers, or returning there, as on the preceding afternoon. This continued until after four o'clock. About this time, I saw passing close in front of my retreat a mulatto leading a white man, and a young and delicate white female hanging on the mulatto's arm, as though entreating him to spare her husband's life. I recognized her—it was Mrs. D., a young and rich heiress. They had been but eighteen months united in wedlock. I saw them stop under a tree in front of the Commandant's

* They were dragged half a mile beyond Lanoux's fountain and country seat. They stopped on the north side of the road, opposite the block house on the southern hill. At first their heads were placed upon blocks of wood and they were decapitated with the sapeurs' axes, but this requiring too much time the regiment fell upon them with their bayonets and swords. None escaped. Their bodies were thrown one above the other so as to form a mound—for the country negroes, as Dessalines said, to look at their masters.

quarters. Mr. D. was left under the tree, and Mrs. D. was led into the house by the mulatto. After about fifteen minutes, I perceived a man rising in the air. It was Mr. D., whom they had hung to a limb and who was now struggling with death. At this moment the soldiers drew back as if to make room for someone. It was Mrs. D., held by the arm by the same fiendish mulatto. Piercing shrieks were heard. She fell to the ground and was carried away. I afterwards learned that this mulatto monster had promised to rescue her husband if she would listen to his proposals. She submitted—and then the signal was given to hang her husband.

"I was in a great agitation of mind and my heart struck with horror at the odious scene I had just beheld, when my attention was attracted by a rush of people towards a building which I knew to be the residence of Colonel Gaston. The number of colored people pressing forward was very great and continually increasing, and there appeared to be great demonstrations of passion and anger. The drums at Dessalines' quarters beat to arms . . . I could not divine the cause of all this commotion . . . and I remained perplexed for more than two hours. At last, an aid-de-camp from General Jeffrard was introduced into my retreat by Adjutant Raynal.

The General was sending me word that he had intended to pay me a visit on that afternoon, but owing to the sad event which had just taken place, he would delay his visit for two or three days.

"What had happened was this. Gaston, a colored man, a mistive, who was beloved and esteemed by all, whites, colored and black, had on pretense of sickness kept himself closely confined to his house. Dessalines, who would have the colored men also dip their hands in the blood of the whites, that they might not say afterwards that they were innocent, had sent orders to Gaston to keep himself prepared to attend the execution of the white men who were to be butchered that evening. Gaston sent a reply in the following words: 'Tell Governor Dessalines that I feel too unwell to leave my chamber. Tell him, besides, that he knows me, ere this, to be ready at all times to fight an armed enemy, but that I cannot reconcile my ideas of honor and bravery with the murdering in cold blood of men who have done us no harm. Tell him that I will not be a murderer.'

"This message was delivered, word for word, to Dessalines, who flew into a rage and ordered forthwith a detachment to take Gaston and bring him into his presence. They found the doors

and windows fastened. Gaston appeared on the balcony, spoke to the detachment, and ended his address by saying: 'I will show you. I order you to report to Governor Dessalines that I rather die by my own hand than be concerned in any murder.' He held a pistol, pointed it to his heart and shot himself dead.

"This extraordinary suicide made a revolution in the minds of the colored people. A magnanimous example was here given; it exalted their hearts and made them proud of having had among them a man of such moral courage. The presence of the black army compelled them to stifle their feelings, and Dessalines continued to be obeyed, but hatred and disgust filled the hearts of his colored attendants.

"About two hours after dark, I heard a noise in the apartment at the foot of the stairs. It appeared as if opposition was being made to prevent someone from seeing me. The entreaties prevailed. I was invited to come down. The persons in waiting were my freed-man Jean Pierre and a Captain Page, the colored commandant of Aux Abricots. The latter, with whom I was unacquainted, on the representations of my former slaves and the entreaties of the colored men of my district, had been prevailed upon to come unobserved through the

night to take me into the country. They feared, they said, that in spite of my present protectors, I might in some way or other be betrayed into the hands of the assassins. They had brought with them my famous pacing horse and clothes to disguise me, and were in a hurry to return, lest the commandant's absence from his post should be observed. I thanked them for their generous mark of attachment and devotion, but assured them that I felt no uneasiness for my personal safety . . . I finally shook hands with them, and they instantly rode off.

"Overwhelmed with the labor of my mind, I retired upstairs and sought some rest. I had fallen into a doze, when suddenly I heard loud screams. Cries of defiance, despair and rage resounded through the whole place. I got up from my couch with a heart ready to burst. In the light of innumerable torches, I saw upwards of four hundred white men, quite naked, being dragged forcibly over the rough stones by the soldiers. They stopped in front of Dessalines' quarters . . . I hid my eyes with my hands. I looked again; I saw the blood gushing out of their wounds. I could see no longer, I fainted and fell. I know not how long I remained insensible . . . but after a while I struggled to my couch, weak and exhausted. I was over-

powered with sleep and remained unconscious until next morning at eight o'clock . . .

"On the morrow of this day, the 12th of March, there was a general stillness; one might have supposed the town to be uninhabited. But about nine o'clock, black men loaded with sacks of money and accompanied by officers, began to pass on their way to Dessalines' headquarters. I was reminded then that this was the day for the merchants to pay their taxes of twelve hundred dollars each.* About noon I heard the commandant of the place enquiring for me. I was called down. With a Mr. Maas, a colored man who spoke a few words of English, appeared a tall good-looking gentleman. It was Mr. William Gordon, of Baltimore, the supercargo of a vessel which had been captured in sight of the town the day before. Not knowing what was then passing on shore, he had desired his captors to land him on the coast, and had made his way to the town. The commandant desired me to enquire about his business, the place he came from, and how he came to the Island. I translated for him all the particulars stated by Mr.

* These unhappy men had hidden their treasures, but the guards placed over them had watched them so closely that they could not get the money necessary for the tax without disclosing their all—upon which, of course, their all had been seized. Upwards of five hundred thousand dollars in gold and silver was carried to headquarters.

Gordon. He appeared satisfied and went to make his report to Dessalines. A few minutes after this, an aid-de-camp came with Mr. Maas and requested me to inform Mr. Gordon that he was to be lodged at Mr. Maas's house until further orders. To tell how Mr. Gordon felt, I shall not attempt, but his face betrayed great uneasiness and anxiety. Before he left me, I advised him to make no enquiries of anyone, to express neither surprise nor opinion—and I assured him that he was safe.

"On this afternoon I received General Jeffrard's visit. There was no longer any necessity, he said, for me to keep myself out of sight, provided I did not expose myself by going out at night. On this assurance, and accompanied by Adjutant Raynal, I went to my dwelling house and store. We were anxious to see Onfroy and to calm his mind. The poor man was well, although emaciated by his tribulations. We related to him a part of the horrors that had taken place, but concealed the more dreadful scenes, the recital of which might have preyed too heavily upon his heart. We said enough, however, to reconcile him to his lonesome place and to the necessity we were in of continuing him in it until Dessalines had left the town. After having embraced him we again secured the secret door,

shut the house and left in front of it the guard to protect it.

"We had hardly returned to the square at Raynal's when I saw Dessalines on horseback, in full uniform and attended by his staff of generals, crossing the Place of Arms and going toward the prisons. They were absent about an hour. Early in the evening, Mr. Lorette, Dessalines' aid-de-camp and secretary, called on me. He had accompanied Dessalines, and he now unbosomed himself to me and told me things which, on account of persons still living, I do not like to repeat. But this I can say. When they entered the prisons, they viewed many corpses besmeared with gore; in every apartment the floor was incrusted with coagulated blood, and the walls were stained a dark crimson. Having viewed this slaughter house, they had again mounted their horses and had ridden to the place on the western road where upwards of 400 bodies lay heaped on one another in two high mounds. The blood flowing from beneath had made an issue crossing the road, forming a bar, and as the negroes from the country would not put their feet in this a by-path had been made around. Dessalines noted this latter fact and expressed his displeasure at the love the negroes of Jérémie still held for their white masters. How-

ever, addressing his generals, he declared himself entirely satisfied with the massacres already committed, and added that he would on the next day proclaim an armistice promising life to all who had been fortunate enough to escape. 'But,' added Lorette, 'do not believe in this declaration!' . . .

"Mr. Lorette then enquired of me whether it was true, as he had been told, that the present government owed me for provisions and clothing furnished to the army. I answered in the affirmative, observing, however, that I did not think the present moment a favorable one for making any demand. He replied: 'Draw a petition, state the facts and accompany them with the accounts audited by the commissary of the revenues. Dessalines will immediately give orders for you to be paid in coffee, in order to show and furnish evidence to the Americans, through you, that he will faithfully pay for all that he purchases from them.'

"I labored through the night to have my petition ready for the morrow. I experienced considerable difficulty in wording my demands. However, finally I drafted it in such a manner as, by making two paragraphs and leaving a space between them, I might, after the petition had been returned with the necessary orders, fill

in the blank so as to make it appear both an order for payment and a passport to absent myself from the Island . . .

"On the morning of the 13th of March, Mr. Lorette called on me, took my petition and went to deliver it to Dessalines. He returned in less than half an hour and informed me that the Governor wished to see me immediately. I felt some rather strong pulsations at my heart. However, I summoned sufficient resolution to appear unmoved. As we passed through the thick ranks of soldiers (Dessalines kept a guard of five hundred), I heard them enquiring of each other, 'Where are they taking the American?' This gave a new impulse to my resolution, for, I said to myself, if these soldiers take me at first sight to be an American, Dessalines will continue to do the same . . .

"Having ascended the stairs, I was ushered into the Governor's presence. He was undressed and wrapped in a morning gown and seated on a sofa. He got up on my coming in and desired me to sit with him. He commenced by telling me that what he had done, and I had witnessed, was to revenge the wrongs Bonaparte had done to him and the colony. 'But,' he said, 'I love the Americans, and to prove this I have already given orders to pay your claim—even this day,

if you are prepared to receive the coffee. I require you to write to America and to make it publicly known that all contracts entered into with my government shall henceforth be faithfully fulfilled.' Then he went on: 'You Americans bring to this country nothing but fish, pork, beef, flour, rice and some dry goods—and we are glad to exchange coffee for these—but we also want gunpowder, shot, muskets, swords and all kinds of ammunition. We want above all some strongly built and fast sailing vessels, pierced for cannon, to guard our coasts and protect them against the French privateers. Write! Write to your friends—let them send all these; I will pay them well and make their fortunes.'

"One may well imagine that no man was ever more disposed and ready to make fine promises than I was at this moment. I engaged to surpass his most sanguine expectations, and to have very soon vessels loaded with everything he desired. After this he ordered a stand to be placed before him. The petition, on which Lorette had already written his order, was handed to him and he signed his name (he had learned to do this, but could not read). He then handed the paper to me, saying, 'You see, I do not deceive you.' I bowed and thanked him and then withdrew, along with Mr. Lorette. On reaching

Raynal's house, Mr. Lorette now wrote at my request, with perfect good humor, over Dessalines' signature: 'Voulons que la presente lui serve de passe-port pour s'en aller, et de lettre de sureté à son retour.' (It is our will that this shall serve as a passport for his departure and as a letter insuring his safety on his return.) He then advised me to wait until Dessalines had left town ere I required the payment of the coffee, intimating that General Ferroux was unfriendly to me and that should he be apprised of this order he might require some explanation from the Governor, which, perchance, might turn to my disadvantage.

"I felt somewhat elated with my success—but this state of mind was very short in duration. The proclamation of pardon, mentioned before, was made at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. It enjoined on all those who had been left unhurt to appear in front of headquarters at three o'clock of this same day, to receive individually their certificates of naturalization. Mr. Lorette having told me, as stated before, that no trust ought to be placed in this promise of pardon, I sent word to several friends, advising them to remain in concealment. At the appointed hour, I took my stand in the latticed gallery to observe what would take place. There appeared eighty-

four. They were drawn up in line and counted —after which they were taken in pairs into Dessalines' presence, for him, as I was told afterwards, to frighten them into yielding up their money, if they had any. This lasted until nearly dark. Then, suddenly, the soldiers surrounded them and commenced their slaughter. I rushed back into my apartment and closed the door to avoid hearing their cries of agony.

"An hour after this horrible, tragical scene, another was enacted at headquarters. A mistive, named Barzelais, an adjutant to Dessalines . . . had an intimate friend, a white man named Mallet, whose estate lay adjacent to the Trou d'Enfer on the coast east of Dame Marie. He was a tall, corpulent man who, during Rigaud's reign, had aided the mulattoes and had thus endeared himself to the people of that color. He was reputed to be rich, as he had lived for several years retired from society. Barzelais, on his arrival, being informed of Mr. Mallet's place of concealment, sent for him and promised him, on the sacred honor of a tried friend, to sacrifice himself rather than to suffer him to be harmed. On these assurances Mr. Mallet repaired along with his fortune to headquarters. He was placed in a small room having but one door, communicating with Barzelais' chamber, and there he

was cared for and encouraged with promises of future tranquil days. But just one hour after the murder of the citizens on the square, horrible to relate, this Barzelais, this monster, called for two officers of his and told them, jokingly, to come and see his protégé. He led them to the small room, opened the door and, with a tone of mockery, said to Mr. Mallet: 'The merchants are all gone. No vessel remains to take you off. I will shorten your misery!' He held a poignard in his hand and now instantly plunged it into his friend's heart! The two officers ran off in horror and disgust. They came to where I was and there expressed their utter abhorrence and contempt for a man who could be guilty of so atrocious an action—they had not before thought Barzelais capable of it.

* * *

"The 14th of March appeared like a day of general mourning. The houses were closed and there was a pervading silence. And yet everyone fancied that the air resounded with secret murmurs. Some uneasiness was manifest at headquarters. It was reported that a large number of colored men had got into town by stealth. Upwards of 2500 men, without the beating of a drum, gathered in front of Dessalines' quarters,

and were there kept under arms and ready to act.

"After dark, a large number of horses were brought to the square. A painful state of suspense lasted until midnight—and then, suddenly, they began loading the horses. Finally, some hours after midnight, protected by his army and attended by his friends, Dessalines moved off, pack horses and mules carrying the gold and silver of the murdered inhabitants.

"When it became known early in the morning of the 15th that Dessalines and his bloody satellites had left the town, there was an indescribable exhibition, a maniacal exultation. The houses were thrown open, and women of all colors, with disheveled hair, in turn danced, cried and laughed, and heaped execrations on the heads of the assassins. But as there were yet many black soldiers in the town, it was thought proper to suppress these demonstrations, and patrols were sent to command silence.

"Dessalines had taken with him the former commandant of the place and had left in his stead a black man with whom I was acquainted. Raynal was left as adjutant, and, as the new commandant did not know how to read, I knew that I should be apprised of all orders. I rejoiced in this. I again took possession of my house and store, and the guard was dismissed. Mr. Wil-

liam Gordon came to live with me and that night, after the front door was closed, we liberated my old friend Onfroy. He emerged from his hiding place as a man having been several years entombed—he could hardly believe what he was told. His friends were all gone . . .

"While we were plunged in mourning, talking of our slaughtered friends, Adjutant Raynal called and was admitted. He came to inform me that an order had just been issued to arrest and carry to prison all male whites except the following:—

Peter S. Chazotte, the American merchant.
Duhamel, the supercargo of the brig *Commerce.*
Gordon, the American newly arrived.
All captains, supercargoes and sailors now in port or who may hereafter arrive.
French merchants; Page, Coignac, Brunet, Pratt, Bertrand, and LaChâtaigneraie.
Lanoux, Fouache le jeune, Noisilleau, a coaster; Lafarque, keeper of the archives; Lapougeade of the custom house.
The two French doctors and Doctor Suavé.

". . . We were several days in the most languishing state, both in mind and in commercial transaction. Since the *Harriet* of Baltimore had left our port, not a single vessel had ap-

peared. The town was bare of all commodities. But on the 5th of April, a vessel hove in sight and soon came to anchor. It was the brig *Samuel* of Baltimore. Mr. Percival was the supercargo. Both the vessel and cargo were placed under my direction, and the latter was sold as fast as it could be landed. The government bought the herrings at $25.00 a barrel, and paid in coffee at $12.00 per quintal. On the 17th, a British schooner arrived in port from Nassau. The government bought the whole through their agent, Mr. Brunet. On the 18th, the British frigate *Tartar* came to anchor. Captain Perkin landed and paid a visit to General Ferroux . . . He manifested no emotion on seeing the changes in men and things. He called on Mr. Bertrand and on his way stopped at my store to see whether the English schooner now in port had introduced any other goods than those sold to the black's government . . .

"Several other vessels arrived, including a schooner from New York commanded by Captain Brewster. General Ferroux, fearing that there would be afforded opportunities for the whites to escape, issued a proclamation threatening with confiscation any vessel upon which any might be found. Sentries were placed every night at fifty paces from one another along the

shore. Certain persons, however, having faith that Ferroux was not so ferocious as Dessalines, came out of hiding and negotiated with him for their departure. He accepted their money and then sent them to prison. A Mr. Bayard, a highly respectable and once rich planter, who used to live on terms of intimacy with Ferroux, was betrayed as the others, but at the moment of entering prison was fortunate enough to escape. Favored by darkness, he came creeping to my door. He was immediately received. A Mr. Routier, a young man, disguised in woman's clothes, had also come in a little after dusk, and Raynal had just brought in a young apothecary. Onfroy was no longer alone.

"On the night following, Mr. Bayard, with blacked face and dressed as an officer, passed the outposts on horseback, and went to his estate. (His slaves secreted him for three months and then bargained with an American captain to carry him off. The vessel was captured by a privateer, and Mr. Bayard was landed at St. Jago de Cuba.)

"On the eve of the 1st of May, I received a written invitation from General Ferroux to attend a ball to be given by him the next evening. I was besides requested to invite all the Americans and Englishmen then in the place, and the

letter was so worded as to make me responsible in case they should not attend. I made every exertion to procure their attendance, but we could not well conceive the instinct of ferocity and wickedness that had prompted him to sport with our feelings by inviting us to a public ball at such a time and place—the ballroom was just in front of the prisons.

"It was half past eight when we made our appearance in the hall. They were all dancing, but the moment we were ushered in by the master of ceremonies the music and dancing ceased. We were led to the head of the hall where General Ferroux sat. We made our bows and were provided with partners. We had proceeded through four figures of a cotillion, when suddenly piercing shrieks and cries of agony were heard from under the gallery. My partner, who was a mistive, fainted and fell at my feet, and many other females did the same. All was confusion, dismay and uproar. Our colored friends immediately surrounded us and we were led out through the opposite door . . . In the morning we were informed that forty white men confined in the prisons had been murdered under the piazza, on the threshold of the door of the ballroom . . .

"On the 5th of May, Mr. Noisilleau, the

coaster, who owned a small vessel named the *Dragon,* called on me and stated that he intended to make his escape while he had it in his power to do so, and added that if I had any friends to send away he would take them with pleasure. I mistrusted him at first and would say neither yes nor no until he had given me a full statement of his ways and means. He then developed his plan. General Ferroux had ordered him to go with his vessel to L'Anse d'Enhault, and there get a cargo of coffee for Jérémie. He had for his mate a mulatto in whom he placed the most perfect confidence, but, further to secure the secrecy of this man, he had given him a bill of sale of his vessel. They were to start during the night of the next day, were to run directly across the channel to the coast of Cuba, and there he and his passengers would be landed. I felt some doubts. Success depended on the strict secrecy and honesty of the mate. I told him to call again on the next day.

"At night, when the store was closed, I communicated Noisilleau's proposition to my wretched prisoners. They manifested much joy at the prospect of deliverance. One of them, Mr. Routier, was acquainted with the mate, and said he would trust his life in his hands. After this strong declaration of confidence, it was re-

solved to prepare for their departure. There was a great difficulty to surmount—how to get on board the boat without being discovered. Captain Brewster, who was present, offered his vessel, which lay farthest from land, and also three suits of sailor's clothes for disguise. Mr. Thomas Percival proposed to cause several sailors to land frequently during the day, so as to deceive the guard of blacks on the wharf, and then at dusk to mix our friends, the prisoners, with the sailors and drive them all before him to the boats, as though they were drunk. They could then be carried on board Captain Brewster's schooner. This being settled we retired to rest.

"Mr. Noisilleau called at the appointed hour. I again warned him of his easy trust in his colored mate, and he again answered that he would not peril his own life did he not know him for a worthy man. I then stated that I knew three white men who would be passengers with him. The terms were one hundred dollars each, payable before departure—at nine o'clock. He then asked where he should go to take his passengers. I answered that when he came to receive the passage money I would tell him.

"With a parcel of empty bags were landed the sailor suits. At five in the afternoon our prisoners put them on, and were taught, by two brave,

real sailors, how to behave on the way to the wharf. At six o'clock a torrent of rain began to fall. The moment was favorable, and they all sallied out of the house, Mr. Percival swearing at them and driving them, they reeling and staggering. They passed safely through the guard, got into the boat and reached Captain Brewster's schooner, the rain still continuing to pour down.

"Mr. Percival returned, his clothes saturated with rain. While he was changing his dress and we were congratulating each other on the happy success of the enterprise, Mr. Noisilleau came in to receive the passage money. He thought, he said, to depart before the appointed hour, as the rain would favor the embarkation unseen of his passengers. I was counting out the money when a knock was heard at the door. It was Mr. Lanoux, who, thinking himself unsafe at his own house, had come to seek protection for the night. He was instantly admitted. On seeing Mr. Noisilleau and the money he was receiving, he enquired about the cause. We apprised him of what was passing. He instantly determined to depart and, as he had no money with him, he requested me to advance the amount, which his woman would pay me on the next day. Noisilleau was now told where he was to get his passengers, and he and Lanoux went out. It was still raining and very dark.

"It was hardly nine o'clock, when a well-known rap was given at the door. I opened—it was Raynal. 'We are betrayed!' he exclaimed. 'Our friends are all taken! We are in the greatest danger! If the part I have taken in this transaction is made known, or any of the prisoners declare where they have been so long concealed, there is no safety for any of us!' It was indeed a critical moment. I proposed to Raynal that he should follow the unfortunate victims to learn if they made any declaration. He summoned the resolution to do this, and left us—Percival, Gordon and myself. To tell what conversation took place between us, I shall not attempt. Suffice it to say that we resolved to prepare ourselves for the event, whatever it might be.

"At one o'clock after midnight, four very long hours after we had been informed of the capture, the known rap was given again. Raynal did not wish to come in, but whispered through the half-open door, 'We are safe. Notwithstanding all guiles and promises, they refused to make any declaration. They suffered death as brave men.'

"In the morning we were informed of the particulars of the disastrous failure. Mr. Noisilleau and Lanoux had got safe on board the *Dragon,* where three other white men had al-

ready been conveyed by the mate, and they had lifted anchor. Noisilleau now told his mate to direct the vessel so as to pass alongside the American schooner, from which three others were to be taken on board. He had hardly spoken, when two boats came alongside and soldiers boarded the *Dragon*. The white men were secured. Then they directed the vessel in silence towards the American schooner. Our friends on this vessel, on seeing the *Dragon,* were already congratulating themselves, when suddenly the soldiers leaped aboard. Onfroy and the young apothecary had taken a place near the shrouds, to facilitate their stepping to the other vessel, and were at once seized, but Mr. Routier, who was a little behind, taking the alarm, plunged head foremost through the hatchway . . . The soldiers searched for him, but on Mr. Onfroy assuring them that he had plunged into the sea, they gave up the search.* . . .

"On the 12th of May, two freed-men of mine arrived in town. They brought for me a large quantity of fruit and poultry, with vegetables of every kind the country produces.† The elegant horses they rode, and the pack horses, attracted

* Concealed among the barrels, Mr. Routier later sailed out of port on this same vessel.

† Years afterward, then a resident of the United States, Mr. Chazotte still occasionally received presents from his former slaves.

general attention, and this was near proving a fatal occurrence for me. General Ferroux sent an aid-de-camp to enquire for whom these articles were intended. I saw the danger and, winking to Grand Jean Pierre, I replied that a great part of them were, I understood, for General Ferroux."

The freed-man, Jean Pierre, who was an influential man in his district, now went to deliver the presents to the General; but the latter's overbearing manner in receiving them aroused his resentment. A quarrel took place and the guards sided with Jean Pierre, as did also the commandant of the place, who had accidentally come in. Ferroux quailed and made apologies.

"About one hour after this untoward occurrence, the General sent for me. The freed-men wished to accompany me, but I prevailed on them to stay in the store. I took with me, however, all the supercargoes and American captains in port and, thus protected, I repaired to the government house. On seeing us, General Ferroux began in a very awkward manner to express his satisfaction for the many American vessels in the port; then, turning towards and addressing Mr. Sutherland, the Wilberforce agent, who was sitting at a backgammon table, he asked, 'Do you think that this gentleman

(meaning myself) is really an American?' Mr. Sutherland, seeing all eyes fixed upon him, answered, 'Yes, certainly, I have known him for better than a year. He is a real American.' This answer pleased me much. I had not expected it from a man who had betrayed those whom he had used to call his best friends . . .

"Early the next day came into port the schooner *Baltimore*. Mr. Eldredge was the supercargo. He consigned his cargo to me. This new addition of protectors and their property in my hands deterred Ferroux from making any present attempt against my life . . .

"On the next morning, the frigate *Tartar* came to anchor, and immediately took possession of the British schooner already mentioned. The government owed this vessel 15,000 pounds of coffee. Perkin did not land, but sent his second lieutenant on shore to claim the payment in the name of His Britannic Majesty—he having seized the vessel for trading without a license. The lieutenant called on General Ferroux, who referred him to the Commissary of the revenue. They could not understand each other, so they called together on me to be their interpreter. The lieutenant, a smart and proud Englishman, appeared to be highly incensed. On entering the store and addressing several of us, he emphati-

cally exclaimed: 'I blush, gentlemen, yes, I am ashamed of His Majesty for having any understanding with these bloody rascals. It is a disgrace, a most cursed disgrace, for us British officers to be under the command of a blood-thirsty colored captain—a captain under the control of the Wilberforce Society, which will sacrifice the whole white population of the West Indies on the altar of its murderous philanthropy.' The black officers, seeing him in a passion, requested me to interpret what he said. I replied that his warmth was produced by a relation he had made of a fight with some French privateer. They appeared satisfied. At last Ferroux's aid-de-camp desired me to enquire why Captain Perkin had not come on shore, and what was his object in sending his lieutenant. But the lieutenant went on: 'Tell these bloodhounds that if before five o'clock this afternoon they do not deliver the coffee they owe to the British vessel now in possession of His Majesty's frigate, we will fire a broadside into the government house and send them all to hell.' For this I made the following version: 'Captain Perkin sends his compliments to General Ferroux and desires him to deliver, before five o'clock this afternoon, the coffee which the Government owes the British vessel. If this demand is not complied with, Captain

Perkin will fire a broadside into the town.' The officers were staggered at this semi-translation, and they walked off in a hurry. The coffee was sent off before five o'clock.

"On this afternoon most of the American captains and supercargoes dined with me. Mr. Percival had personally also invited the remaining French merchants to give them a shelter, as he said, 'under the wings of the American eagle.' But they had declined, not understanding the English language, and Mr. Page, my friend who lived opposite, was the only one who sat at table with us. We were doing justice to the mess when a strong guard of soldiers headed by a captain came boldly into the house and surrounded us. Having looked into everyone's face, the officer laid his hand on Mr. Page's shoulder, and said, 'You are my prisoner.' Then they retired, taking Mr. Page with them.

"This unexpected and painful stroke sank deep into our bosoms—appetite vanished and the table was deserted. Gathering into a solemn council, we resolved to do our utmost to rescue our unfortunate friend. Mr. Percival, who spoke the creole dialect tolerably well, went to the quarters of the Commandant, and found there, besides Mr. Page, young Mr. Fouache and Mr. Coignac, also prisoners. Mr. Percival of-

fered a ransom for them all. The Commandant consented and the prisoners were allowed to return to their dwellings on condition that they should not go out of them . . . Next morning, when we called to see them, we found that they had all been taken again at midnight, carried to a small fort just above the town, and there decapitated with sapeur's axes.* . . .

"On the 17th, Raynal returned from the country. The numerous acts which had been committed during his absence chilled the blood in his veins. He resolved to effect his escape with me. During the night, we put his most precious effects into barrels, covered them with coffee and sent them on board the schooner *Baltimore.*

"Late at night on the 18th, arrived a sloop from Alexandria, Captain Lewis. He consigned to me, but I took this consignment only as a mask to the intention I had of going off on the brig *Samuel.* It was understood that after my departure Mr. Gordon would be accountable.

"On the 20th, I called on General Ferroux to inform him that a package sale of dry goods, brought by the sloop, would take place on the

* The same day, Mr. Fouache's widow. a girl of nineteen, having refused the Commandant's advances, was murdered by him—her infant daughter was torn to pieces, the parts, streaming with blood, bound to the mother's breast, and the two were then thrown into the sea.

next day, and I desired him to give me a memorandum of the articles he wished for his private use. He gave me a pretty long list and at the same time stated, what I knew before, that he was obliged to go and view some fortifications they were building at Sources Chaudes, and expected that I would select the best articles for him—a thing which I readily promised. Finding him in good humor, I requested him to order a guard to be put at the door of the store to prevent anyone from taking advantage of the confusion to steal pieces of goods. He readily granted my request. He had not the least idea that, having five vessels now consigned to me, I would leave the place and thus lose all my commissions.

"On the same evening, with a view to secure the American property in my store against any depredation of the black government, Mr. Gordon and I entered into sham articles of partnership under an anterior date. To him I otherwise left the whole of my concerns and interests in the place, together with a furnished house and store, and all the profits that were to accrue from the consignments in hand. I recommended to him my few remaining friends . . .

"On the 21st, at eight in the morning, the guard arrived, and immediately after this I saw General Ferroux, attended by his staff, riding down the rue Basse du Commerce. I divested

myself of my coat and appeared very busy showing the goods to the purchasers then flocking into the store. The General made a halt in front, alighted and came in. He then made some alterations in his previous list of goods, telling me to keep them until his return on the next afternoon.

"An hour after he had left the store, a fine south-east breeze sprang up. This was a propitious moment. The boat was waiting for me at the wharf, with a select guard of black men, as usual, to search the vessel for any French whites who might be on board—but Raynal commanded this guard.

"I left the store, which was then crowded with black and colored women and some begging officers, telling them all that I was carrying on board the brig *Samuel* the invoice and other documents which I held in my hands, and would return immediately in the guard boat. We soon boarded the *Samuel,* already under sail, and the guards commenced their search, while we, with a view to keep them long at it, indicated new places. The brig, crowded with sails, made rapid progress through the water, and we were already three miles on our way before the guard perceived it. It was time for them to return to the shore . . .

"At this moment Raynal's courage failed. He

thought of a handsome American white woman with whom he lived, of barges starting in pursuit of us, of our being taken back and murdered. He determined to go back—and I, to pursue my way out to sea. We embraced—he telling me that he would ask for shelter on board the British frigate *Tartar,* the next time she came into port, and would again embrace me in the United States. They jumped into their boat and rowed off.

"With a grateful heart, I returned thanks to God for his potent protection . . . Favored by kind Providence, we met neither with adverse winds nor a rough sea and, after a pleasant voyage, arrived on the 10th of June, 1804, at ten o'clock in the morning, at the port of Baltimore. I landed at Fort McHenry, where my friends assembled to welcome and congratulate me on my deliverance.

[From the *Federal Gazette* of Monday, June 11, 1804:

Port of Baltimore.
Entered
Brig *Samuel,* Cantwell—Jérémie.]

* * *

"On the 25th of July, two of the vessels which I had left at Jérémie arrived safe at Baltimore.

They brought as passengers two young ladies I had placed under the protection of Messrs. Gordon and Eldredge, and also a widow with whom I was unacquainted. From these ladies and the two captains, and from others later, I learned the following particulars.

"General Ferroux who, as I have before mentioned, had gone to view the fortifications they were building at Sources Chaudes, finding on his return to town that I had happily made my escape, flew into a furious rage and vented his anger on the commandant of the place. But the latter, contrary to the General's expectations, justified my departure, as I was the bearer of a passport from Governor Dessalines; adding that neither the General nor himself had any right to detain me or to oppose my departure.

"Eight days after my departure the frigate *Tartar* returned to port. Ferroux felt provoked at the haughty demand and threats made by Perkin to obtain the coffee due to the British vessel which he had seized. And it was now, as if in spite and to show how little he cared for his presence, that he ordered for the next day the massacre of all the white women and children in the place.

"On the day appointed for this last and general extermination, those females who were sup-

posed to have money were made prizes of by the officers, and the rest were abandoned to the fury and passions of the soldiery. The horrors perpetrated cannot be described. Even that cold-blooded agent of Wilberforce, Perkin, was so horror-struck at the abominable deeds of brutish lust, carnage and pillage going on as to determine, influenced by his officers, to receive on board his ship the following persons, who were brought alongside by friendly colored people: Messrs. Bertrand, LaChâtaigneraie, Brunet, Pratt, Dr. Sauvé and three others; Mesdames Dumoulin, Giroux, Favier, Raynal and two others.

"Adjutant Raynal, having previously made his arrangement with Captain Perkin, arrived on board as the frigate was getting under sail. He thought himself out of danger and perfectly safe. But General Ferroux, having been immediately informed of Raynal's escape, despatched a detachment of mounted soldiers to proceed at full speed to Dame Marie, where the ship had gone for fresh water, and there demand of Captain Perkin the surrender of the Adjutant. The perfidious Captain, who had given his word of honor to protect him, was base enough, on the first summons, to surrender the unhappy young man and to deliver him into the hands of the

assassins awaiting him. He gave as his reason for this compliance the orders he had received to avoid getting into any difficulty with the black government. This epauletted scoundrel cared very little about these orders when, fifteen or twenty days previous to this, he had, to get possession of fifteen thousand weight of coffee, threatened to fire a broadside into the government house.

"Poor Raynal was instantly seized, bound with cords and carried to Jérémie, where they made him suffer the most cruel tortures, prolonging his torments by continually inflicting new wounds, till nature was overcome. Thus perished a young man who, although an officer under that murderous government, had preserved honorable sentiments of humanity and had done his utmost to save the lives of many of his fellow-men. To him more than to any other, after my deliverance by General Jeffrard, do I owe my own life. Why did his heart fail him when he had it in his power to effect his escape along with me!

"This horrible massacre and final extermination of the white inhabitants of Jérémie is a correct and faithful specimen of what took place in all the other cities, towns and villages throughout the Island. And these atrocious slaughters

were advised, directed and witnessed by the agents for the British society for the emancipation of the blacks.

"At Aux Cayes, one hundred and thirty white women and men, with the concurrence of General Jeffrard, were received and secreted in the house of a Scotch merchant, Mr. McIntosh, a true philanthropist, who, although acting as an agent for the Wilberforce Society at that place, refused to dishonor himself. All those whom he protected were ultimately saved. Mr. Guillou and his wife, now residing in Philadelphia, were among the number. A Captain Church, of New York, showed the benevolence of his heart by taking a great many of them on board his vessel, without making any charge for provisions or passage.

"Very few were saved out of the city of Port-au-Prince except those who were forcibly rescued by the humane and brave Captain Lewis, of New York, who commanded an armed ship then in port.

"At Cape François (now nick-named Cape Henry) none would have escaped the daggers and bayonets of the assassins had it not been for the gallantry of the commander of a British man-of-war. This noble-hearted commander, on hearing what was perpetrating in the city,

landed a body of marines and sailors and found himself happy, by this bold display of force, to rescue more than forty.* Contrast this resolve and action in the cause of true philanthropy with the dastard and deliberate resolve of the Wilberforce Society!"

When all was over [out of an original French population of about 70,000] not a single French white inhabitant remained alive on the Island.

* * *

[*From that portion of Mr. Chazotte's history written in 1837, containing chiefly comment, both philosophic and bitter, I take but the following.*]

"General Dessalines' reign of terror ended in the beginning of the year 1807." Sutherland, the Wilberforce agent, was then first British

* [Dessalines here led a house-to-house visit, and the captured whites, men, women and children, were taken to the parade ground and there murdered with especial savagery and cruelty.

It may be noted that the refugees from Cape François paid tribute through the newspapers to Mr. Dodge, American vice-consul, who "at the risk of his own life" saved many "of our wretched countrymen."

The following appeared in the *Federal Gazette* of Baltimore, June 18:—"In the brig *Almy,* from Cape François, came passenger, Madame Jeffa, wife of Mr. Jeffa, of St. Marks, and daughter of Mr. Martino. She was saved by an American who claimed her as his wife. This is to let her friends know that she has made her escape from that place, and is still alive."]

consul at Port-au-Prince. The destruction of the *colored* population was determined upon, and an attempt was made to entrap the colored leaders. The latter were ordered to meet at St. Marks, but only such came as were protected by strong bodies of troops, and the plan failed. General Jeffrard, the most talented and humane of all the colored chiefs, was, however, poisoned, and then the colored people, aroused to indignation by this act, laid an ambuscade for Dessalines, captured him and killed him and dragged his mangled body through the streets of Port-au-Prince "with cries of exultation and triumph."

Petion, a colored man, now became chief of the Central and South-western Departments, while in the Northern Department a negro "named Henry and Christopher" (the second name being that of the English island from which he had been deported for atrocious crimes) became leader. This Henry now claimed supreme authority and at once began a war of extermination against the mulattoes. The English lent this criminal their support, and, finally, "without shame, common sense or reason, they recognized him as 'Emperor,' under the name of Henry the First, of the Empire of Haiti; and they sent him a crown with all the monkey ensigns of royalty to which the then cor-

rupt administration of England appeared to render homage . . ."

Finally, however, in spite of his support, Emperor Henry fell, and the colored rule was revived. More humane policies were adopted and some order restored. But the difficulties were too great—the country was hopelessly demoralized.

"Now [1837], after years of uninterrupted peace, with the richest soil in the world, the most healthful climate, and the highest encouragements offered by a free trade with all the world, the people are fallen almost into their primitive barbarism and bondage."

[*According to the usual texts, Dessalines (after having been made governor for life in October of 1804) proclaimed himself emperor and was crowned with great pomp. In 1806 (Cf. above), he was assassinated. Henry and Petion now engaged in a civil war lasting to 1810, when Henry became king (Cf. above). This stormy and cruel reign ended with the "King's" death in 1820, when he was succeeded by General Boyer, as "president." One more "emperor" there was, Faustin the First, reigning from 1849 to 1858. Since this last date the country has remained nominally a republic.*

Spain had regained possession of the eastern end of the Island about the time of General Boyer's coming to the presidency, but Boyer, in 1882, recaptured it for Haiti. In 1844 this eastern end became independent and was erected into the Dominican Republic—Spain making but one last effort (1861-1863) to regain it.

The salvaging of Haiti dates from the American intervention of July, 1915.]

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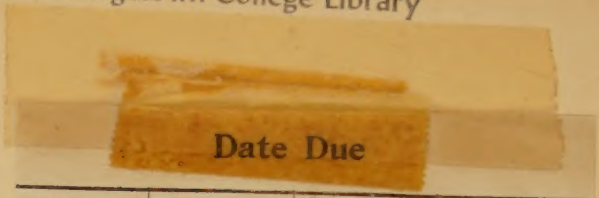

Date Due

AUG 10	APR 5 '70		
MAR 31			
MAR 17 '58			
APR 1 '55			
APR 17 '58			
FEB 24 '56			
DEC 8 '58			
DEC 20 '58			
JAN 8 '59			
APR 19 65			
May 3			
MY 17 '65			
MAR 22 66			
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